

THE
New Polite Instructor :
OR,
UNIVERSAL MORALIST.
CONSISTING OF
Select Essays, Tales, Fables,
VISIONS and ALLEGORIES,
FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT and INSTRUCTION
OF
YOUNGER MINDS.

SELECTED from the most eminent AUTHORS.

*The chearful Sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a TALE.*

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INTRODUCTION,

ON

The IMPORTANCE *of* EDUCATION.

*Addressed to the Parents of Children, and Masters of
British Schools.*



PON the *Care* and *Conduct* of a right Education our present and future *Happiness* greatly depends. And a diligent and careful Attendance on our first *Impressions*, and on those made as we grow up, cannot be too strictly observed; since the mind is capable of distinguishing Good from Evil, and of fixing Habits, more early than is generally imagined. So that if *Virtue* be early represented to the Mind, in all its engaging and lovely Charms, it cannot fail to gain the young and innocent Heart; and must necessarily have a *happy* and *lasting* Influence on the Rest of Life after. For *Custom* being a *second Nature*, when *Virtue* becomes familiar and habitual, the Practice thereof will be more pleasing and easy than the Practice of Vice: For, according to the *wise Man*, *The Ways of Wisdom are Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.*

The *Cretans* had so strong an Impression of the influence of ill Habits, taking deep Root in the human Mind, that they gave up a Man for lost, who was under the Dominion of a *bad Custom*. And *Crates*, the *Theban* Philosopher, used to cry out in the streets and high Places of the City: O ye People, why do ye toil to get *Estates* for your Children, when you take no Care of their Education?

Zenophon

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Zenophon informs us, that the *Persian* Children, at School, were employed as diligently in learning the *Principles* of Sobriety and Justice, as the Youth in other Countries were employed at School in learning the literary Arts and difficult Sciences. That their *Governors* or *Teachers* used to spend most of their Time in hearing their mutual Accusations against each other, for *Violence*, *Cheating*, *Slander*, *Injustice*, *Ingratitude*, and other Crimes; and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were Offenders.

The *Indian Gymnosophists* used to enquire of every particular Scholar, before Dinner-Time, How he had spent his Time since Sun-rising? When some of them would answer, that they had been Arbitrators in composing *Differences*, and making Persons at Variance Friends with each other; some, that they had been executing their Parents Orders; others, that they had found out something *new*, either by themselves or others. But, if there happened to be any one among them, who had done no good Thing, or Advantage to others, since the Morning, he was excluded the Company of the Rest, and obliged to be employed in some laudable Task, set him, whilst the Rest of the Scholars were at Dinner.

The *Parents* used to authorize the *Master* of one of these public Schools to distribute the Value of six Pence a piece to his Scholars at certain Times in the Year, with Directions for them to lay out one third Part thereof in *Charity*, and the Rest as they pleased; and every School-boy was applauded or disapproved by the *Master*, according to the Use he found he had made of his Money.

An eminent Writer has observed on the *public Schools* of this Nation, (*where Christianity and Virtue should abound*), how shamefully the *Masters* of many of them neglect forming the Minds of Youth to *Morals* and *Manners*. Of which the great *Mr. Locke* thus takes Notice. "That a Man must have a strange Value for Words, when the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* are preferred to what made them such brave and wise Men; that can think it worth the while to hazard the
" Innocence

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“Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little Latin and Greek.” As if *Language* (which is only the *Key* to *Knowledge*) had the Properties of *Excellence* itself!

If the Foundation of an Education is *rightly* laid, we provide, in the surest Manner, for our Children’s future Honour and Happiness; and take the best Method to render their Learning and extensive Knowledge in the highest Degree *graceful* and *beneficial*. We make their *Addresses* polite, their *Manners* ingenuous, refine their *Dispositions*, ennoble their *Views*, and fit them for Society and Friendship. By these Means, their tender and susceptible Minds are guarded against those *Excesses*, and false Pleasures, which impair their Health and corrupt their Manners, and often to such a Degree, that they are never afterwards recovered to a due *Strength* and *Vigour* either of Body or Mind. Those therefore who are negligent herein may justly be termed *Barbarians*, alienated from the Feelings of Humanity, and hardened against the tender *Sympathies* of Nature.

Children should be instructed *in the Knowledge of an Universal Parent, presiding over and governing all Mankind; that they are bound to pay him the highest Reverence, that they owe to him all their Supports and Accommodations; from their first Existence; that his Government is mild and gracious, and his Punishments providential, necessary, and for their Benefit; that he sees all their Follies and Vices; and that whatever they are afraid to do, or indulge themselves in, in the Presence of their earthly Friends or Parents, they should be much more solicitous to forego under the great Creator’s constant Notice and Inspection, who is Sovereign of the Universe.*

Another most necessary Duty, incumbent on Instructors of Youth, is, a constant Care to be exemplary in their own Conduct. “Not to be luxurious, if you expect them to be moderate. Not to be stiff and arrogant, if you expect them to be mild and condescending. Not to be given to fraud, if you expect them to be just. Not to be narrow, partial, or selfish, if you expect them to be disinterested, generous, and diffusively benevolent.” If you be, vain are your Expectations, and certain will be your disappointment.

It

W I N T R O D U C T I O N

It is a *Maxim*, too much inculcated and put in Practice, *to use strict Discipline to avoid spoiling the Child.* But a more prudent and just Rule in Education is, *to refrain from Severity; thereby to inspire the youthful Mind with sublime and generous Sentiments.* The Fear of Shame is so strongly implanted in the human Mind, (notwithstanding the Prevalence of *Vice*, and the strong Sense of it, which is almost universal), that it will, if properly applied generally prevent the Practice of *Vice*. And the *Virtue*, thus produced, will be more *extensive, certain, and lasting*, in its Consequences.

In Cases of *invincible Obstinacy*, where all Address of Influence and Persuasion, and Motives of Fear and Shame, produce not a proper Conduct, it may be *justifiable* to use a severer Method, to prevent (if possible) the fatal Effects of *Excess* to the Offender himself, the Stain of his Family, and to *secure* the Peace and Order of Society. But Rewards should always be so mixed with Punishments, in their Contrivance and Proportion, as to nourish and strengthen the Sense of *Ingenuity* and *Honour*: The *Shame* and *Infamy* of the Punishment to be suited to *deter*; and the *Glory* and *Dignity* of the Reward contrived to *encourage*. And by *Reason* and *Argument* to convince Children that their Duty is their Interest; and, by Kindness and Condescension, Parents and others should influence those under their Care or Government to *love* and *confide* in them; as the *best* and *principal Means* to *secure their Obedience*.

To shew that Education should be made as delightful as possible, *Speusippus* caused the Pictures of *Love* and *Joy* to be hung round his School. For the same Reason moral and entertaining *Fables* and *Stories* (such as *Gay's Fables*, and select *Stories* from the *Spectator*) are subservient to that End; by pleasingly and insensibly leading the Reader to a *Love of Virtue* and *Abhorrence of Vice*, from some exemplary *Moral*. For *Mr. Addison* justly observes, that among all the different Ways of giving *Counsel*, the *finest*, and that which pleases the most universally, is the *Way by Fable*, in whatsoever Shape it appears. In reading a *Fable*, we are taught to believe that we are instructing ourselves. We peruse the

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the *Author* for the Sake of the *Story*, and consider the *Precepts* rather as our own *Conclusions* than his *Advice*. If we look into ancient *Histories*, both sacred and profane, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their *Kings* by *Fables*, as having the safest and surest Effect. It being a Truth, too evident, that more Persons are *affected* with what is *uncommon* and *surprising*, than what is *plain* and *familiar*, in what they read: The principal End of the *Author* in the striking and useful *Descriptions* and *Characters*, designed for the Reader to imitate, or avoid, being generally overlooked.

It would be of great *Advantage* to young Persons, to try their Judgments, if, when they read, they were asked their Opinion of any remarkable *Action*, or *Passage*; why they judge it to be good or bad; and how it might have been advanced to a greater Degree of *Perfection*. The *Example* of any particular Person should seldom, if ever, be recommended in the Gross; but should be noted where he *excelled*, and where he was *defective*. For Want of this *Caution* young Persons are often so *dazzled* with the Lustre of a great Character, that they confound its *Beauties* with its *Blemishes*; and look upon the faulty Parts of it with an *Eye* of *Admiration*! without separating, by Judgment, the one from the other.

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THE
New Polite Instructor :
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UNIVERSAL MORALIST.

The FARMER *and his* SONS.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a Father.

PROVERBS.



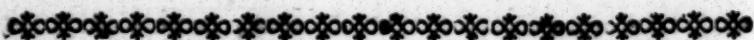
WEALTHY old Farmer, who had for some time declined in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his sons together to his bedside. My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you as my last injunction, not to part with the farm which has been in our family these hundred years : for, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds ; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in,

A

spare

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spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and with great vigour and alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm: the consequence of which was, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, that their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers more acute than the rest, that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, that "Industry is itself a treasure."



The MILLER, his SON, and their Ass.

*Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please.*

SHENSTONE.

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Asses to market, in order to sell him: and that he might get thither fresh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not proceeded far, when they met a company of travellers. Sure, say they, you are mighty careful of your Ass: methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as suffer him to walk on at his ease, while you trudge after on foot. In compliance with this advice, the Old man set his Son upon the beast. And now, they had scarce advanced a quarter of a mile further, before they met another company. You idle young rogue, said

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said one of the party, why don't you get down, and let your poor Father ride? Upon this, the Old man made his Son dismount, and got up himself. While they were marching in this manner, a third company began to insult the Father. You hard-hearted unnatural wretch, say they, how can you suffer that poor lad to wade through the dirt, while you like an alderman ride at your ease? The good-natured Miller stood corrected, and immediately took his Son up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the rest—Was there ever such a couple of lazy boobies! to overload in so unconscionable a manner, a poor dumb creature, who is far less able to carry them than they are to carry him! The complying Old man would have been half inclined to make the trial, had not experience by this time sufficiently convinced him, that there cannot be a more fruitless attempt, than to endeavour to please all mankind.



The HERMIT.

*The rich he envies not, nor fears the great,
But lives contented in his little seat.*

A CERTAIN Hermit had scooped his cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence he had an opportunity of surveying a large extent both of sea and land. He sat one evening, contemplating with pleasure on the various objects that lay diffused before him. The woods were dressed in the brightest verdure; the thickets adorned with the gayest blossoms. The birds caroled beneath the branches; the lambs frolicked around the meads; the peasant whistled be-

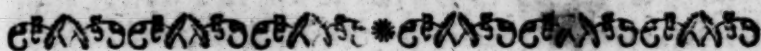
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side his team ; and the ships driven by gentle gales were returning safely into their proper harbours. In short, the arrival of spring had doubly enlivened the whole scene before his eye ; and every object yielded a display either of *beauty* or of *happiness*.

On a sudden arose a violent storm. The winds mustered all their fury, and whole forests of oak lay scattered on the ground. Darkness instantly succeeded ; hail-stones and rain were poured forth in cataracts, and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom.

And now the sea, piled up in mountains, bore aloft the largest vessels, while the horrid uproar of its waves drowned the shrieks of the wretched mariners. When the whole tempest had exhausted its fury, it was instantly followed by the shock of an earthquake.

The poor inhabitants of a neighbouring village flocked in crowds to our Hermit's cave ; religiously hoping, that his well-known sanctity would protect them in their distress. They were, however, not a little surprised at the profound tranquility that appeared in his countenance. " My friends, said he, be not dismayed. Terrible to *me*, as well as to *you*, would have been the war of elements we have just beheld ; but that I have meditated with so much attention on the various works of Providence, as to be persuaded that his *goodness* is equal to his *power*."



A MERCHANT and his two SONS.

*Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all Mankind.* POPE.

A CERTAIN merchant had two sons, the eldest of whom was of so bad a disposition, as to behave with great hatred and spitefulness towards the younger who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened that the old gentleman having, by his trade, acquired a large estate, left it by his will to his eldest son, together with all his ships and stock in merchandise, desiring him to continue in the business, and support his brother. The father was no sooner dead than the elder brother began plainly to shew his ill-will to his brother, thrust him out of his house, and without giving him any thing for his support, turned him loose into the wide world. The young man was much dejected with this usage, but considering that in his father's life-time he had acquired some knowledge in business, he applied himself to a neighbouring merchant, offering to serve him in the way of trade. The merchant received him into his house, and finding, from long experience, that he was prudent, virtuous, and diligent in his business, gave him his daughter and only child in marriage, and when he died, bequeathed to him his whole fortune. The young man, after the death of his father-in-law, retired with his wife into a distant country, where he purchased a fine estate, with a splendid dwelling; and there he lived with great credit and reputation.

The elder brother had, after the death of their father, carried on the trade, and for some time met

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with great success in it : but at length a violent storm arising, tore to pieces many of his ships, which were coming home richly laden ; and, about the same time, some persons sailing, who had much of his money in their hands, he was reduced to great want ; and, to compleat his misfortunes, the little which he had left at home, was consumed by a sudden fire, which burnt his house, and every thing in it ; so that he was brought quite into a state of beggary. In this forlorn condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving, than to wander up and down the country, imploring the assistance of well disposed persons. It happened one day, that, having travelled many miles, and obtained but little relief, he espied a gentleman walking in the fields, not far from a fine seat : to this gentleman he addressed himself, and having laid before him his misfortunes, and his present necessitous condition, he earnestly entreated him to grant him some assistance. The gentleman, who happened to be none other than his brother, did not at first know him, but after some discourse with him, he perceived who he was. However, concealing his knowledge of him, he brought him home, and ordered his servants to take care of him, and furnish him for that night, with lodging and victuals. In the mean time he resolved to discover himself to his brother next morning, and offer him a constant habitation in his house, after he had got the consent of his wife to the proposal. Accordingly, next morning, he ordered the poor man to be sent for. When he was come into his presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor man answered, he did not. I am, says he, bursting into tears, your only brother, and immediately fell on his neck, and embraced him with great tenderness. The elder, quite astonished at this accident, fell to the ground, and began

gan to make many excuses, and to beg pardon for his former cruel behaviour. To whom the other answered Brother, let us forget those things; I heartily forgive you all that is past; you need not range up and down the world; you shall be welcome to live with me. He readily accepted the proposal, and they lived together with great comfort and happiness till death.



On P R I D E.

*If aught on Earth th' immortal Pow'rs deride,
'Tis surely this—The Littleness of Pride.* ANON.

IF there be any Thing which makes human Nature appear ridiculous to Beings of superior Faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the Vanity of those imaginary Perfections that swell the Heart of Man, and those little supernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish if it does not very much divert them, when they see a Mortal puffed up and valuing himself above his Neighbours on any of these Accounts, at the same Time that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species.

To set this Thought in its true Light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder Mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable Creatures, and that every Pismire (his shape and Way of Life only excepted) is endowed with human Passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an Account of the Pedigrees, Distinctions, and Titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole Swarm divide and make Way for the Pismire that

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that passes through them! You must understand he is an Emmet of Quality, and has better Blood in his Veins than any Pismire in the Mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole Rabble of Ants keep their Distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little Eminence, and looking down on a long Row of Labourers. He is the richest Insect on this Side the Hillock: He has a Walk of half a Yard in Length, and a Quarter of an Inch in Breadth; he keeps a hundred menial Servants, and has at least fifteen Barley-Corns in his Granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the Emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an Emmet as himself.

But here comes an Insect of Figure! Do not you take Notice of a little white Straw that he carries in his Mouth? That Straw you must understand, he would not part with for the longest Tract about the Mole-hill: Did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the Ants of all Qualities and Conditions swarm about him. Should this Straw drop out of his Mouth, you would see all this numerous Circle of Attendance follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded Insect, or run over his Back, to come at his Successor.

If now you have a Mind to see all the Ladies of the Mole-hill, observe first the Pismire that listens to the Emmet on her Left Hand, at the same Time that she seems to turn away her Head from him. He tells this poor Insect that she is a Goddess; that her Eyes are brighter than the Sun; that Life and Death are at her Disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little Airs upon it. Mark the Vanity of the Pismire on your Left Hand. She can scarce
crawl.

crawl with Age; but you must know she values herself upon her Birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her Reach. The little nimble Coquet, that is running along by the side of her is a Wit. She has broke many a poor Pismire's Heart. Do but observe what a Drove of Lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the Parallel closer, will suppose if you please, that Death comes down upon the Mole-hill, in the shape of a Cock Sparrow, who picks up, without Distinction, the Pismire of Quality and his Flatterers, the Pismire of Substance and his Day labourers, the White-Straw Officer and his Sycophants, with all the Goddesses, Wits, and Beauties of the Mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of superior Natures and Perfections regard all the Instances of Pride and Vanity, among our own Spieces in the same Kind of View, when they take a Survey of those who inhabit this Earth: Or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those Pismires that people this Heap of Dirt, which human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions.



The BASKET-MAKER. A Peruvian Tale.

The Pride of Blood, or high Birth decried.

*Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow,
The rest is all but Leather and Prunella.* POPE.

IN the Midst of that vast Ocean, commonly called the *South Sea*, lie the Islands of *Solomon*. In the Centre of those, lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond

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beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince, who now reigns absolute in this central Island, has through a long Descent of Ages, entailed the Name of *S. Lemon's Islands* on the whole, by the Effect of that Wisdom wherewith he polished the Manners of his People.

A Descendant of one of the great Men of this happy Island; becoming a Gentleman, to so improved a Degree as to despise the good Qualities which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing, but how to support and distinguish his Dignity by the Pride of an ignorant Mind, and a Disposition abandoned to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea-Side, where he spent great Part of his Time in hunting and fishing: But found himself at a Loss in Pursuit of these important Diversions, by Means of a long Slip of Marsh-Land, overgrown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a Man of his Quality to submit to Restraints in his Pleasures, for the Ease and Convenience of an obstinate Mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the Owner, who was an honest poor Basket-maker, and whose Livelihood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds, in a Manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone complained of the Oppression in Terms more suited to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender: And the Reward this Imprudence procured him, was the additional Injustice of Blows and Reproaches, and all Kinds of Insult and Indignity.

There was but one Way to a Remedy, and he took it: For going to the Capital, with the Marks of his hard

hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the Feet of the King, and procured a Citation for his Oppressor's Appearance ; who, confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour, by the poor Man's Unmindfulness of the Submission due from the Vulgar, to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction.

But pray, replied the King, what Distinction of Rank had the Grand-father of your Father, when, being a Cleaver of wood in the Palace of my Ancestors, he was raised from among those Vulgar you speak of with such Contempt, in Reward of an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty in Defence of his Master ? Yet his Distinction was nobler than yours : It was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth ; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune ! I am sorry I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that Ease and Distinction of Fortune were bestowed on him but to this End, that, being at Rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head, and Hand, for the public Advantage of others.

Here the King, discontinuing his Speech, fixed an Eye of Indignation on a sullen Resentment of Mien which he observed in the haughty Offender, who muttered out his Dislike of the Encouragement this Way of thinking must give to the commonality, who, he said, were to be considered as Persons of no Consequence, in Comparison of Men who were born to be honoured. Where reflection is wanting, replied the King with a Smile of Disdain, Men must find their Defects in the Pain of their Sufferings. *Yanburno*, added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, strip the Injured and the Injurer ; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the Islands, set them a-shore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune.

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The Place in which they were landed was a Marsh, under Cover of whose Flags the Gentleman was in Hopes to conceal himself, and give the Slip to his Companion, whom he thought it a Disgrace to be found with. But the Lights in the Galley having given an Alarm to the Savages, a considerable Body of them came down, and discovered in the Morning the two Strangers in their Hiding-Place. Setting up a dismal Yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer with a Kind of Clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without Sense of Hospitality or Mercy

Here the Gentleman began to discover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary: For, between a Consciousness of Shame and Cold, under the Nakedness he had never been used to; a Fear of the Event from the Fierceness of the Savages' Approach; and the Want of an Idea whereby to soften or divert their Asperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity; and with an unfinewed, apprehensive, unmanly Sneakingness of Mien, gave up the Post of Honour, and made a Leader of the very Man whom he had thought it a Disgrace to consider as a Companion.

The Basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakedness habitual; to whom a Life of Pain and Mortification, represented Death as not dreadful; and whose Remembrance of his Skill in Arts of which these Savages were ignorant, gave him Hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open Freedom; and, having plucked a handful of his Flags, sat down without Emotion, and making Signs that he would shew them something worthy their Attention, fell to Work with Smiles and Noddings; while the Savages drew near, and gazed in Expectation of the Consequence. It

It was not long before he had wreathed a Kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship; and rising with Respect and Fearfulness, approached the Savage who appeared the Chief, and placed it gently on his Head; whose Figure under this new Ornament, so charmed and struck his Followers, that they threw down all their Clubs, and formed a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation round the Author of so prized a Favour.

There was not one but shewed the Marks of his Impatience to be made as fine as his Captain: So the poor Basket-maker had his Hands full of Employment: And the Savages, observing one quite idle while the other was so busy in their Service, took up Arms in the Behalf of natural Justice, and began to lay on Arguments in Favour of their Purpose.

The Basket-maker's Pity now effaced the Remembrance of his Sufferings: So he arose and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs that he was ignorant of the Art; but might if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the Work, and fetching Flagg to his Supply, as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition luckily fell in with a Desire the Savages expressed to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the Progress of a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman therefore to his Duty in the Basket-maker's Service; and considered him, from that Time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their Benefactor.

Men, Wives, and children, from all Corners of the Island, came in Drove for Coronets: And, setting the Gentleman to Work to gather Boughs and Poles, made a fine Hut to lodge the Basket-maker: And brought down daily from the Country, such Provisions as they lived upon themselves; taking Care to offer the

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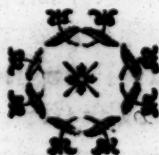
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imagined Servant nothing, till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and just Turn to our Gentleman's improved Ideas; insomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one Night, he thus confessed his Sentiments in Favour of the Basket-maker. I have been to blame and wanted Judgment to distinguish between Accident and Excellence. When I should have measured Nature, I but looked to Vanity. The Preference which Fortune gives, is empty and imaginary: And I perceive, too late, that only Things of Use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my Malice to remember your Humanity: But if the Gods should please to call me to a Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you in Atonement of my justly punished Arrogance.

He promised, and performed his Promise: For the King, soon after, sent the Captain who had landed them, with Presents to the Savages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues, to this Day, a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than that they were born to do nothing: And the Word for this due Punishment is, *Send him to the Basket maker's.*



The



The PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD. A Story.

*With hasty Judgment ne'er decide ;
First hear what's said on either Side.*

IN the days of Knight-errantry and Paganism, one of our old *british* Princes set up a statue to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right-hand she held a Spear, and rested her left upon a shield : The outside of this shield was of Gold, and the inside of Silver. On the former was inscribed in the old *british* language, *so the goddess ever favourable ;* and, on the other, *for four victories obtained successively over the picts, and other inhabitants of the northern Islands.*

It happened one Day, that two knights completely armed, the one in *black* armour, and the other in *white*, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time ; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscriptions, and observe the excellence of its workmanship. After contemplating on it for some time, “ this *golden* shield, says the *black* knight,—*golden* shield, cried the *white* knight, (who was as strictly observing the opposite side) why if I have any eyes it is silver. I know nothing of your eyes, replied the *black* knight, but if ever I saw a *golden* shield in my life, this is one : Yes, returned the *white* knight, smiling, it is very probable indeed that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this ; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way ; and it appears by the date that this has been

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here above three years." The *black* knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then fixed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time, as in a trance. A good *druid*, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The *druids* were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields, or in the forests; he staunched their blood, applied his balm to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as he found them sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the occasion of their quarrel. "Why, this man, cried the *black* knight, will have it that that shield yonder is silver." "And he will have it, replied the *white* knight, that it is gold," and there told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah! said the *druid*, with a sigh, you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look upon the *opposite* part of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me therefore to intreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, *never to enter into any dispute for the future, 'till you have fairly considered each side of the question.*



INGRATITUDE *punished.* An EASTERN
TALE.

*He that's ungrateful has no Fault but one,
All other Crimes may pass for Virtues in him.*

YOUNG.

A Dervise, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of *Baljora*. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son the young *Abdallah*. If you will trust him to my care. I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me. The good woman received his proposal with joy; and the dervise departed with the young man, advertising her, that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same care of him, as if he had been his own son. *Abdallah* a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered, "My Son, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see in a proper time and place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend."

One day, as they continued their travels, they found themselves in a solitary place, and the dervise said to *Abdallah*, "My Son. we are now at the end of our
B 3 "journey."

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“ journey ; I shall employ my prayers to obtain from
 “ heaven, that the earth may open and make an en-
 “ trance wide enough to permit thee to descend, into
 “ a place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest trea-
 “ sures that the earth incloses in her bowels. Hast
 “ thou courage to descend into this subterraneous
 “ vault ?” continued he. *Abdullah* swore to him, he
 might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then
 the dervise lighted a small fire, into which he cast a
 perfume ; he read and pray’d for some moments, after
 which the earth opened, and the dervise said to him,
 —“ Thou mayest now enter, my dear *Abdullah* ; re-
 “ member that it is in thy power to do me a great ser-
 “ vice, and that this is, perhaps, the only opportuni-
 “ ty thou canst ever have of testifying to me that thou
 “ art not ungrateful : do not let thyself be dazzled
 “ by all the riches that thou wilt find there ; think
 “ only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve
 “ branches, which thou wilt find close to a door ; that
 “ is absolutely necessary to me ; come up immediately
 “ and bring it to me.” *Abdullah* promised every thing,
 and descended boldly into the vault. But forgetting
 what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst
 he was filling his vest and his bosom with gold and
 jewels, which this subterraneous vault inclosed in pro-
 digious heaps, the opening by which he had entered
 closed of itself. He had however, presence of mind
 enough to seize upon the iron candlestick, which the
 dervise had so strongly recommended to him ; and
 though the situation he was in was very terrible, he did
 not abandon himself to despair ; and thinking only in
 what manner he should get out of a place which might
 become his grave, he apprehended that the vault had
 closed only because he had not followed the order of the
 dervise ; recalled to his memory the care and goodness
 he

he had loaded him with ; reproached himself with his ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pains and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow passage which led him out of this obscure cave ; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way that he perceived a small opening covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides, to see if he could perceive the dervise, but in vain ; he designed to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the dervise, nor remembering, any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune had directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately enquired after the holy dervise. *Abdallah* told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable desires ; he afterwards shewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the dervise only designed to make trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them ; adding, that doubtless such was the intention of the holy dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity ; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that *Abdallah* sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience ; and, perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted

resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,—“What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick which I intended to deliver to the dervise, remains with me: it is a proof, that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired.” As he finished these words, he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candlestick. Immediately they saw a dervise appear, who turned round for an hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an asper. This candlestick had twelve branches. *Abdallab*, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did so, and twelve dervises appeared that instant; they turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an asper, as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success, but he never could make it succeed more than once in twenty four hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably: there was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune: it is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of *Abdallab*, that nothing could efface them. therefore seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the dervise, in hopes

hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for *Magrebi*, carrying with him his candlestick which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful. When he arrived at *Magrebi*, his first care was to enquire in what house, or in what convent *Abounader* lodged; he was so well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands: the court of this Palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. *Abdallah*, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a dervise, it is that of a king. He was in this embarrassment, when a man approached him, and said to him, *Abdallah, thou art welcome; my master Abounader has long expected thee.* He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavillion, where the dervise was seated. *Abdallah* struck with the riches which he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but *Abounader*, prevented him, and interrupted him, when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. "Thou art but an ungrateful wretch," said he to him; dost thou imagine thou canst impose
" upon

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“ upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy
 “ thoughts and if thou hadst known the value of
 “ this candlestick, thou wouldst never have brought it
 “ to me; I will make thee sensible of its true use.”
 immediately he placed a light in each of its branches;
 and when the twelve dervises had turned for some
 time, *Abounader* gave each of them a blow with a Cane,
 and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps
 of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. “ This,
 “ *said he*, is the proper use to be made of this marvel-
 “ lous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it, but
 “ to place it, in my cabinet, as a talisman composed
 “ by a sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expote it
 “ sometimes to those who come to visit me: and, to
 “ prove to thee, *added he*, that curiosity was the only
 “ occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of
 “ my magazines, open them and thou shalt judge of
 “ my riches; thou shalt tell me whether the most in-
 “ satiable miser would not be satisfied with them.”

Abdallab obeyed him, and examined twelve maga-
 zines of great extent, so full of all manner of
 riches, that he could not distinguish what merited
 his admiration most; they all deserved it and produc-
 ed new desires. The regret of having restored the
 candlestick, and that of not having found out the use
 of it pierced the heart of *Abdallab*. *Abounader* seemed
 not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him
 with carresses, kept him some days in his house, and
 commanded him to be treated as himself. When he
 was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his
 departure, he said to him, “ *Abdallab*, my son, I be-
 “ lieve, by what has happened to thee, thou art cor-
 “ rected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however,
 “ I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having un-
 “ dertaken so long a journey with a view of bring-
 “ ing

“ing me the thing I had desired; thou mayest
“depart, I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt
“find to morrow at the gate of my palace, one of my
“horses to carry thee; I make thee a present of it, as
“well as of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy
“house; and two camels loaded with gold and Jewels,
“which thou shalt chuse thyself out of my treasures.”

Abdallah said to him all that a Heart sensible to avarice could express when its passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candlestick, and what it had produced. “I had it, said he, so long in
“my power; *Abounador*, without me, had never
“been the possessor of it: what risks did I not run in
“the subterraneous vault? why does he now possess
“this treasure of treasures? because I had the probity,
“or rather the folly, to bring it back to him: he
“profits by my labours, and the danger I have incurred in so long a journey. And what does he give
“me in return? two camels loaded with gold and
“jewels; in one moment the candlestick will furnish
“him with ten times as much. It is *Abounadar* who
“is ungrateful: what wrong shall I do him in taking
“this candlestick? none certainly; for he is rich:
“and what do I possess?” These ideas determined him, at length, to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, *Abounadar* having trusted him with the keys of his Magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hid it in the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest upon his camels. He had no other
eagerness

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eagerness now than for his departure ; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous *Abounadar*, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days journey from *Balsora*, he sold his slave ; resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon, so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of his camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house ; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick : the twelve dervises appearing he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman : but he had not remarked, that *Abounadar*, when he struck them, had the cane in his left-hand. *Abdallah*, by a natural motion, made use of his right ; and the dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was *Abdallah* punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unreasonable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.



*Advice to a young Man upon his entrance
into the world.*

By the Rev. Dr. W A T T S.

I. **K**INSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter : you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit ; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend ; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason ; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who chuse to turn heathens in the midst of Great-Britain ; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superiour advantages of christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your bible as your best treasure ; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world ; and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of psalms ; David was a

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man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of proverbs : Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the gospels and the epistles ; you will find the best of rules and examples there, and those more immediately suited to the christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions ; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness ; and let the poor have a certain share in your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you. *Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them.*

V. In every affair of life, begin with God, consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings and all your hopes, as your best friend and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VI. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day
in

in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world ; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

VII. Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem and applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. 'Tis a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

VIII. Keep this thought ever in your mind, 'tis a world of vanity and vexation in which you live ; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful ; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies : The heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions ; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

IX. Ever carry about you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them : the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death at a short warning may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour.

FAREWEL.

*The Practice of VIRTUE recommended.**If Happiness be your pursuit,**Plant Virtue, and Content's the Fruit.* GAY.

WHEN *Hercules*, says the divine *Prodicus*, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very notable air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy; her person clean and unspotted; her eyes cast towards the ground, with an agreeable reserve; her motion and behaviour full of modesty; and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, he stepped before the other lady, (who came forward with

with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accoited him after the following manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse : be my friend and follow me ; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and inquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, and to business.

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name ; to which she answered, my friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness* ; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleasure*,

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, (says she) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper to your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you ; and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price
C 3
upon

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upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: you see, (said she) *Hercules*, by her own confession, the way to *her* pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! (said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity) what are the pleasures you propose? to eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

As for me, I am a friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, and an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those
who

who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintances, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented pleasure and vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, tho' they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.



PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY. AN ALLEGORY.

Prosperity and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring : but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance ; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns ; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots ; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn ; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods ; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavillions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by banks ; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to ; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face withered and as deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

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What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bade adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softened the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distressed of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent, said she, by the gods to those only whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments,

joyments, as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, anguish and despair: while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of tranquility and content."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, "That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner.

"As gold is purged and refined from the dross by fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you to go and give

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an account of my charge. Your brother whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity; whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening; and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription.

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,

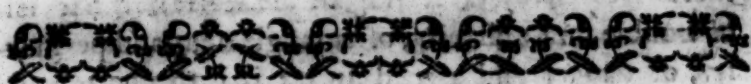
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.

Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,

What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

On



On TRUTH and SINCERITY

*For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.* YOUNG.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better : for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man has it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts *Sincerity* is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world; Integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and

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more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last to be more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery : of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business ; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many enquiries

enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words : it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly, When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falshood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity, to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs ; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways ever so direct ; they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantage which it will bring a man at last. Were but these sort of men wise and clear sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests ; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the

concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.



ON IDLENESS.

*He who defers his work from day to day,
Does on a river's brink expecting stay,
Till the whole stream which stop'd him should be gone,
Which, as it runs, for ever will run on.* ANON.

IDLNESS is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty, whether of two affairs to begin first, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures: but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitned by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some

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some channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

When *Scanderberg*, prince of *Epirus*, was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of *John Trott* for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination *Mrs. Fridget* has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually

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petually becalmed : And it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality ; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding : A faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified : To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality ; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use which has been made of it ; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals ! Nothing lies upon our hand with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate, is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time ; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder : But notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise ; for who can think
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either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his eloquence. *Seneca*, in his letters to *Lucilius*, assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomise some good author; and I remember *Pliny*, in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book: that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

Thus, sir, you see how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject, with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there are no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character: whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

SIMON SLOW.

On



On spending TIME.

*Time in advance behind him hides his Wings,
And seems to creep decrepid with his Age :
Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
But his broad pinions, swifter than the Wind.* YOUNG.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Séneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture
which

which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to

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a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every way surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? but because the

mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversion, as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy, with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

That

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.



On the same SUBJECT.

*Live well, and then how soon see'st thou die,
Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.* RANDOLE.

THE human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a loss to pass away their time*, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouth of those who are stiled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions : mong creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments ; who besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, and to discourse ; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue

virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of *Erebus*, on his right-hand the keeper of *Elysium*. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, *what they had been doing?* upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of

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it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country woman: well, mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing; If it please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheefes, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and whom I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir said she. That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing? the lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?

why,

why, truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore : you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world ? ah, sir ! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done ; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader ; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.

Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his Office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, longed to be in his hands, so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had past in the world, I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it I past my time in bottling up *May* dew, inventing white

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washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.—*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off." Upon the approach of the keeper of *Erebus*, her colour faded, her face puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person was lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that *Rhadamanthus* would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered my self, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of *leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.*

On



On the FORCE of HABIT.

Ill Habits gather by unseen degrees :

As Brooks turn Rivers, Rivers run to Seas. DRYDEN.

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of *Staffordshire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and

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gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion, to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions it is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which it has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice, become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never better pleased than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated itself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses its first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniusses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even

to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful ; and though others have often made the same reflection, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of actions, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first ; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one the admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon : *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful. Men, whose circumstances will permit them to chuse their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. *The gods, said Hesiod, have placed labour before virtue ; the way*

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to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it. The man who proceeds in it, with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure, which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind, may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss, we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul

to

to all eternity, must be planted in it, during this its present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body, habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that providence will in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own torments, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase, the worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell, is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by archbishop *Tillotson* and Dr. *Sherlock*; but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. *Scott*, in the first book of his christian life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: As on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.



ON CONVERSATION.

In all you speak let truth and candour shine. POPE.

SOCIETY subsists among men by a mutual communication of their thoughts to each other. Words, looks, gestures, and different tones of voice, are the means of that communication. I speak, and in an instant my ideas and sentiments are communicated to the person who hears me ; my whole soul in a manner passes into his. This communication of my thoughts, is again, the occasion of others in him, which he communicates to me in his turn. Hence arises one of the most lively of our pleasures ; by this means too we enlarge our knowledge, and this reciprocal commerce is the principal source of our intellectual wealth.

The first rule with regard to conversation, is to observe all the laws of politeness in it. This rule is of all others the most indispensable. It is not in every one's power perhaps to have fine parts, say witty things, or tell a story agreeably ; but every man may be polite, if he pleases, at least to a certain degree. Politeness has infinitely more power to make a person beloved, and his company sought after, than the most extraordinary parts or attainments he can be master of. These scarce ever fail of exciting envy, and envy has always some ill-will in it. If you would be esteem'd, make yourself beloved ; we always esteem the person we love more than he deserves, and the person we do not love, as little as ever we can ; nay, we do all we can to despise him, and commonly succeed in it.

Great talents for conversation require to be accompanied with great politeness ; he who eclipses others owes them great civilities ; and whatever a mistaken
vanity

vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.

Another general rule in conversation is, to conform yourself to the taste, character, and present humour of the persons you converse with. This rule is a consequence of the foregoing; politeness dictates it, but it requires a large fund of good nature and complaisance to observe it; not but that a person must follow his talent in conversation; do not force nature, no one ever did it with success. If you have not a talent for humour, or raillery, or story telling, never attempt them. Contain yourself always within the bounds of what you know, and never talk upon things you are ignorant of, unless it be with a view to inform yourself. A person cannot fail in the observance of this rule without making himself ridiculous; and yet how often do we see it transgressed! Some who on war or politics would talk very well, will be perpetually haranguing on works of genius and the belles lettres; others who are capable of reasoning, and would make a figure in grave discourse, will yet constantly aim at humour and pleasantry, tho' with the worst grace imaginable. Hence it is, that we see a man of merit sometimes appear like a coxcomb, and hear a man of genius talk like a fool.

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well bred in conversation, you may assure yourself it requires more wit, as well as more good humour to improve, than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are obliged at any time to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your Actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will
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the more heartily rejoice at your victory ; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace ; you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity ; and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike, and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have ? but if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonist a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

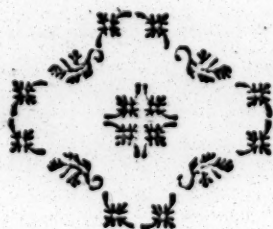
When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget ?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier ; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger ; and if he cannot comprehend what
you

you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties. I shall close this subject with giving you one caution: when you have gain'd a victory, do not push it too far; 'tis sufficient to let the company and your adversary see 'tis in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.





On the foregoing Subject.

*There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it :
Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.* POPE.

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this *extempore eloquence*, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because no body envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our

fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? Or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or by observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consists not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself will make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing however is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered that he was a great poet by his discourse: Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks

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of any thing he is already famous for, has nothing to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or a witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Rallery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good-humour, sense, and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation; which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method,
namely

namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

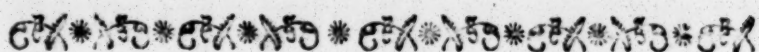
Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call *speaking their minds*. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour, and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever drefs it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.



*Idleness incapable of Felicity.*

*'Tis best the middle way to keep,
And not decline to either hand;
Nor launch too far into the deep,
Nor steer your course too near the land.* HORACE.

YOU have somewhere discouraged the hope of idleness by shewing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

BUT as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we therefore, prosecute with success: for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed; he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that

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are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

THE most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is, that of gamesters. But by gamesters, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

THE gamester of this class will appear to be equally
wretched

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wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed: the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense, succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him, who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed; he will find that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment, which they were intended to supply; he will, therefore either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence which he dispairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will neither be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich,

he

he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value ; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gambler, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds ; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all sometimes are invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. *Ned* perceived his trade increase ; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance : But it happened that *Ned*, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer : to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free : instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be
silent

silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition *Ned* was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune ; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and enquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curst him for his deafness, and stupidity, before *Ned* started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularly in the stranger, gave *Ned* some offence ; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before *Ned* discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected ; a discovery, which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. *Ned* drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths ; he bred riots at *Vauxhall*, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting ; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage : but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than
that

that which had established him in the trade he had left : and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the bridge into the thames.



No LIFE pleasing to GOD, that is not useful to MAN.

An Eastern STORY.

*Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame;
And bad self-love and social be the same.*

POPE.

IT pleaseth the mighty sovereign *Abbas Carascan*, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set *Mirza* his servant over the province of *Tauris*. In the hand of *Mirza*, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality ; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich : *Mirza*, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude ; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground : He applied to the business of state with reluctance ; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of his sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply, "may the lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if *Mirza* presume again to lay the bounty of *Abbas* at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of *Damascus*; and of a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of camels in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of a bow that appear in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives, in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the almighty." *Mirza* then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: He looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"*Mirza*, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force; but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity;
in

which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: But by whom then must the faithful be governed? By those only, who have no fear of judgment? By those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in the city been prepared for thy residence; I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no commands, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right-hand.

"My Lord, said he, I have learned by this letter, which I received from *Cofrou* the Iman, who now stands before thee in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at *Tauris*, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to *Mirza* with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to *Cofrou*, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words,

"To *Mirza*, whom the wisdom of *Abbas* our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting
G health

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health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of *Tauris*, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the prophet multiply to thee

“ Under the instruction of the physician *Aluaxer*, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with diseases, I could administer plants, which the sun had impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; therefore money was despised. I buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country; my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my

cell ; that the dawn increased, and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion ; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eyes fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore leg, appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which it had brought in its talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked I laid my fore-head upon the ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself, *Cosrou*, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life ; but thou hast as yet done it only in part : thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision ? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of heaven also supply thee with food ; when that which prevents thee from procuring it to thyself, is not necessity but devotion ? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object : This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution ; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other ; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being who pronounced these words ;” *Cosrou*, I am the angel who, by the command of the almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove.

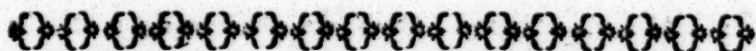
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While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“ At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received: as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait therefore for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the almighty only can give virtue; yet, as a prince, thou may-

mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest ; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation, or charity ; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God, or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of *Him* who resides in the heaven of heavens, be upon thee ! and against thy name in the volume of *His* will may happiness be written !”

The king whose doubts like those of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince of his government ; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, “ That no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind !”



The Pleasures and advantages of Industry.

*If thou art wise, these Observations mind,
And well attend to Doctrines yet behind.* BLACKMORE.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them : and he therefore, will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed

my thoughts in examining the pretension that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied conditions of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that " *en miser nemo nisi comparatus*," " no man is miserable, but as he is compared with others happier than himself:" this position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative; we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no
man

man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself; and, therefore, it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy, that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to his forefathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to himself; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason, be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those as the minions of fortune, who
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are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is "res non parva labore sed relicta," "the acquisition of another, not of themselves;" and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy; their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves: many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid
them.

themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, "would fly for recreation, says *South*, to the mines and the galleys;" and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those, who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate

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fortunate : the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents ; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompense ; but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness : he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason ; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just ; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem ; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and the weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father.

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity ; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer : but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as an useless filler of existence ; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus it appears that the satyrist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of *Heaven*, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot :

*Permites ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris :
Cavrior est illis homo quam sibi.*

Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above :
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.

In

In goodness as in greatness they excell.

Ah ! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well. DRYDEN

What state of life admits most happiness is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.



The mercy of affliction; an Eastern Story.

Just are my Sufferings I with Shame confess :

Nor will I now commit a flesh Offence

By pleading at thy Bar my Innocence. BLACKMORE.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son *Aboram*, for whom he had croded his treasures with gold, and extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab in the distraction of grief and despair refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that sit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent, he cry'd, who thus wounds the soul as from an ambush.

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“ with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures
 “ in a moment with irremediable calamity ? ye lying
 “ Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and kind-
 “ nefs of an all-directing and all loving Providence !
 “ He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from
 “ protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually
 “ delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the
 “ garden of hope ; and like a malignant giant, to
 “ beat down the strongest towers of happiness with the
 “ iron mace of his anger. If this being possessed the
 “ goodness and the power with which flattering priests
 “ have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined
 “ and enabled, to banish those evils which render the
 “ world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and
 “ woe.—I will continue in it no longer !”

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished *Caliph*, and said with a majestic smile,
 “ Follow me to the top of the mountain.”

“ Look from hence,” said the awful conductor, “ I
 “ am *Catoc*, the angel of peace, look from hence into
 “ the valley.”

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a
 sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a
 pale meagre and ghastly figure : it was a merchant just
 perishing with famine, and, lamenting that he could
 find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this for-
 lorn uninhabited desert ; and begging the protection
 of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly
 destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he
 had

had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

"Inhabitant of heaven," cried *Bozaldab*, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "peace," said the angel and observe.

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed *Bozaldab*.—"Look again" said the angel, "and behold the very ship in which, shortly as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of *Abdiel*, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise
H "but

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“ but abhor : he cast his jewels upon the sand, and
 “ confessed them to be useless ; he offered part of them
 “ to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernici-
 “ ous : he has now learnt, that they are rendered
 “ useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation
 “ and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom
 “ distress has taught wisdom ! But turn thine eyes to
 “ another and more interesting scene.”

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper ; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions ; on which sat *Aboram* the much lamented son of *Bozaldab*, and by his side a princess fairer than a *Houri*.

“ Gracious *Alla* !—it is my son,” cried the Caliph —“ O let me hold him to my heart !” “Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision.” replied the angel : “ I am now shewing thee what would have been the
 “ destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the
 “ earth.” “ And why,” returned *Bozaldab*, “ was
 “ he not permitted to continue ? Why was I not suf-
 “ fered to be a witness of so much felicity and power ?”
 “ Consider the sequel,” replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. *Bozaldab* looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness : it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance ; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror ; the palace so lately
 shining

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shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled *Aberam* to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said *Caloc*, "is he whom providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is with-held, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried *Bozaldab*; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! A death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies."

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart, exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of eternal wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of thy Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

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The angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.



The VISION of ALMET: *An* EASTERN - STORY.

*Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose;
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those:
But Heaven's just Ballance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear.*

POPE.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him, with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

"*Almet*," said the stranger, "thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. What ever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of
time,

time, because it glides away without enjoyment ; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off ; and my heart sinks, when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the seas upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me : For this purpose I am come : a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed." *Almet* listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality. But the serenity of his countenance soon returned ; and stretching out his hand towards heaven, " stranger," said he, " the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee.

As I was sitting once at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me ; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy ? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of *Egypt*, and the silks of *Persia* bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of texture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those, to whom custom has rendered them familiar : or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert ; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is

bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, nor variety of images, relieve the travellers from a sense of toil and danger; of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine: who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! And if there is indeed such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made.

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burnt within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of *Mecca* disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be *Azorah*, the minister of reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast mine eyes upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "*Almet*," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding; it is again open before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of *Paradise*, but of a small extent. Through
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the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing on the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power; his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object, that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise. I looked and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren: on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade;

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the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up : but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active : he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way ; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again towards the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected ; but he again prevented my request : "*Almet*," said he, " remember what thou hast seen and let this memorial be written on the tablets of thy heart. Remember, *Almet*, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another ; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end : the value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which he did not enjoy. The song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed, and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled
through

through the valley was happy because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, *Almet*, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayst direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.”

While the voice of *Azoran* was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquility of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy way, let thy flock cloathe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou *rejoice in hope*, and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.



VISION OF MIRZA.

An ALLEGORY.

*The cloud, which intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove——*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of *Bagdad*, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, suddenly, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in *Paradise*, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret rapture.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius ; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it : Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery ; and the tide of water that thou seest, is a part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again looses itself in a thick mist at the other ? What thou seest, said he, is that potion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I,

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I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me farther, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the clouds, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep
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choly, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it : Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it, from time to time ? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the Genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh ; alas, said I, man was made in vain ; How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death ! The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his
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existence

existence, in his setting out for eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover, nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats : But the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed

ted among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirza*, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, shew me now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him, a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdad*, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.





On the CHOICE of present and future
HAPPINESS *and* MISERY.

*The wint'ry blasts of death
Kill not the buds of virtue : No they spread
Beneath the heav'nly beams of brighter suns,
Thro' endless ages into brighter powers.* THOMPSON.

A Lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefooted, *father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.* True son, said the hermit, *but what is thy condition if there is ?* Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient ; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy ? Or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasure and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration ; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end ? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we are placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station and title? Nay would not he believe we are forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe? that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we are sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another the life for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of those two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years, will be still

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new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed, in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of
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that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity : or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity : what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration, which in such a case makes a wrong choice ?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life : but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice ; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice.

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.





The VOYAGE of LIFE.

An ALLEGORY.

*With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide !
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour ;
But wave by wave pursu'd arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind impels before ;
So time on time revolving we descry ;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.* ELPHINSTON.

“ **L**IFE,” says *Seneca*, “ is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes ; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.” The perusal of this passage, having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity ; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching

ing out into the *ocean of life* ; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them ; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security, than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance,

I then looked round with anxious eagerness: and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure ; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable ; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent

violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for, by some universal infatuation; every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed ; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course ; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition ; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him ; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels, in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage ; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

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This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurance of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the *gulf* of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow
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out-let by which they might escape ; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

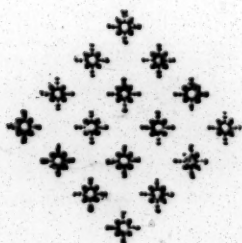
Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the *gulph of* intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat, ; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome ; and the passengers, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out of the rocks of pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and felicity as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulph of intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of those vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow ; but I remarked that
few

few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly ; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overfet by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and so harrassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, " Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered ?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of intemperance before me, started and awaked.





OBIDAH's JOURNEY *of a DAY*, *An ALLEGORY.*

*The chearful Sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral council in a tale.*

HORACE.

OBIDAH, the son of *Abensina*, left the caravanfera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of *Paradise*, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have
th

the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasures with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here *Obidah* paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold of every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go

wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness was lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry snow's,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying
down

down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidab* fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, “ Tell me, said the
“ hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought
“ hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant
“ of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man be-
“ fore,” *Obidab* then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“ Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies,
“ the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into
“ thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is
“ the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of
“ youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set
“ forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with
“ diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road
“ of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time
“ we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mi-
“ tigation of our duty, and some more easy means of
“ obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour,
“ and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a
“ distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture
“ to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus
“ enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of
“ security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides;
“ we are then willing to enquire whether another advance
“ cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least,
“ turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We
“ approach them with scruple and hesitation; we en-
“ ter them, but enter timorous and trembling. and

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“ always hope to pass through them without losing
 “ the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in
 “ our sight, and to which we propose to return. But
 “ temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance
 “ prepares us for another ; we in time lose the happi-
 “ ness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sen-
 “ sual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the re-
 “ membrance of our original intention, and quit the
 “ only adequate object of rational desire. We en-
 “ tangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in
 “ luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of incon-
 “ stancy till the darkness of old age begins to invade
 “ us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We
 “ then look back upon our lives with horror, with
 “ sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often
 “ vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of
 “ virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn
 “ from thy example not to despair, but shall remember,
 “ that though the day is past, and their strength is
 “ wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made ;
 “ that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere en-
 “ deavours ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at
 “ length return after all his errors ; and that he who
 “ implores strength and courage from above, shall
 “ find danger and difficulty give way before him.
 “ Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to
 “ the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning
 “ calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy
 “ life.”





The Story of A B D A L L A H,
and B A L S O R A.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale ; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my readers.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians of Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim," said he, " I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire
" con-

“ confidence which I place in thee. I have only two
 “ sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is
 “ my design that thou take them home with thee, and
 “ educate them as thy own. Train them up in the
 “ humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this
 “ means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my
 “ children succeed after me, without aspiring to my
 “ throne whilst I am yet alive.” The words of my lord
 the king shall be ever obeyed, said Helim. After which
 he bowed, and went out of the king’s presence. He
 then received the children into his own house, and from
 that time bred them up with him in the studies of know-
 ledge and virtue. The young princes loved and re-
 spected Helim as their father, and made such improve-
 ments under him, that by the age of one and twenty
 they were instructed in all the learning of the east.
 The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the young-
 est Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect
 friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends,
 that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah.
 Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine
 soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted
 nothing in her education, that might make her the most
 accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes
 were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world,
 they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who
 had been brought up by her father in the same course
 of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind
 was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by
 degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did
 not think he lived, when he was not in company with
 his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid.
 The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it
 came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit
 the

the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "far be it," says he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king however, was impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim
finding

finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours ; and afterwards in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter ; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace ; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace ; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished

polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balfora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balfora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the palace very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace,

Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed thro' the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the king made him

him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations of spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told

him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balfora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!"—Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balfora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified his whole prospect with groves and fountains, seats of pleasure, till it became the most beautiful ground within the empire, and is now the garden of Persia. This Caliph, who reigned many years, died without issue. His son Abdallah, a son of Abdallah, a son of Abdallah, therefore called the garden of Persia, after a long and happy reign, was succeeded by Abdallah and Balfora. This was that king who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.



VIRTUE, *in* DISTRESS,
Represented in the Story of AMANDA.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of *Seneca* the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the shew of an estate, when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears; which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter, (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was

sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. *Amanda* was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon *Amanda's* virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverish'd relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

S I R,

- ‘ I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered
 ‘ your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle
 ‘ on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down
 ‘ the

• the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be
• so ingenuous, as to tell you that I do not intend marriage : but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making her happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of *Amanda's* mother ; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger ; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her as follows.

Dearest Child,

• **Y**OUR father and I have just now received a
• letter from a gentleman who pretends love to
• you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and
• would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any
• thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would
• be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the best
• of children to infamy and ruin ? It is a mean and cruel
• artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks
• our necessities must compel us to any thing ; but we
• will not eat the bread of shame ; and therefore we
• charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare
• which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us :
• it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All
• things will yet be well, and I shall write my child
• better news.

• I have been interrupted. I know not how I was
• moved to say things would mend. As I was going on
• I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the
• door and had brought us an unexpected supply of a

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• debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now
 • tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost
 • without support, having conveyed what little money
 • I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep
 • to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at
 • liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart,
 • but I have concealed it from him. I have no com-
 • panion at present besides little *Fanny*, who stands
 • watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her
 • sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having
 • discovered that my present trouble is about you. But
 • do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows, to
 • grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make
 • them insupportable, by adding what would be worse
 • than all. Let us bear chearfully an affliction, which
 • we have not brought on ourselves, and remember
 • there is a power who can better deliver us out of it,
 • than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve
 • my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother———

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to de-
 liver this letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his master,
 who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity
 of giving it into her hands himself. His master was
 impatient to know the success of his proposal, and
 therefore broke open the letter privately, to see the con-
 tents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture
 of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely
 surprised to find his offers rejected. However he re-
 solved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it
 up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his endea-
 vours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he
 brought a letter from her mother. He would not part
 with it but upon condition that she should read it with-
 out

out leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention : her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* mother.

MADAM,

‘ I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself,
‘ if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote.
‘ It was far from my intention to add trouble to the
‘ afflicted ; nor could any thing but my being a stranger
‘ to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which if I
‘ live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son.
‘ You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your daughter : nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which
‘ is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant —

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance *Amanda's* father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

The



The WHISPERERS *and* GIGGLERS
among the fair Sex complained of.

SIR,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour. I endeavour to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I received last week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh
and

and a whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, HUMBUG*. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is “shocking, detestable, horrible, and “odious.”

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table: but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward posture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. *Sansho*, when he was forbid to eat of a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly encrease the mirth of my tormentors: at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whispering, like the two kings of *Brentford*.

Modest men, Mr. *Town*, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war;—poisoned arrows,

arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company ; but all his waggery is spoken *aside*. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers ; the dropping of a snuff-box, or spilling the tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter ; and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whispering, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a courtsey, an ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to the other, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, 'till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished, that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête à tête* conferences at an opera or the play-house ; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In *France*, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air : but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a *Vanbrugh*

or a *Congreve* is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion; and a love-scene in the side-box has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy: but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, grin over the anguish of a *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh King *Lear* off the stage.

Thus the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man in a select company was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

If the misconduct, which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. *Town*, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter:

But

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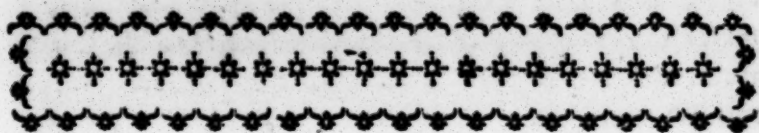
But the same kind of ill breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable ; they beset us wherever we go ; and it is observable, that after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter : like a gun-powder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Some excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the *laughter-loving dame* ; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like *Venus*. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shews her dimples to so much advantage ; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin ; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather ; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handsome : but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages and in both sexes ; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at *St. Paul's*, or in the famous whispering place in *Gloucester* cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.



The Story of FLAVILLA.

'Tho' all is innocence within,

'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin.

GAY.

THE following is so striking an instance of the dreadful consequences which often attend female levity, that we hope our fair readers will peruse it with more than common attention.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and *Flavilla* removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance;

M

and

and though some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed ; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality ; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distinct respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim ; she was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit : These qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. \ *Flavilla* was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed ; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as *Flavilla* was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less ; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast ; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was *Clodio*, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars

particulars in *Clodio's* behaviour, which encouraged *Flavilla* to hope that she should obtain him for a husband; but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, *Flavilla*, rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. *Clodio*, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which *Flavilla* did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project. *Clodio's* offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and, his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him; in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred, to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution; justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went

a short journey into the country ; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, " That he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance ; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage That where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: That he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty : That while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part ; and if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united ; that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary ; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death."

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that *Clodio* should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity which she could not resist ; she shewed it first to her mother, then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph ; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that *Flavilla*, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house, by *Mercator*, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage, as captain of a large ship in the

Levant

Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom *Mercator* was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions, at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged, rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit *Flavilla* as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that *Mercator* had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as *Flavilla* had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, he ought therefore, to obtain his consent, before any other step was taken. To this counsel, so salutary, *Mercator* was hesitating what to reply, when *Flavilla*, came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. *Flavilla* was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger; a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay : a thought of his father would now and then indeed intervene ; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent, was less than to marry against it ; and one evening after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which *Mercator* had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which *Flavilla*, had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at *May Fair*.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, *Mercator* considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family : but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by letter ; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard *Flavilla* toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected ; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son,
whom

whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase: a resolution, by which fathers who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read *Mercator's* letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "If he had taken *Flavilla*, into keeping, " he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance " had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; " that he should never have another shilling of his " money; and that he was determined to see him no " more." *Mercator*, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near *Leicester-Fields*, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In

In the mean time *Flavilla* continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long : the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity : she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera ; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town ; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that *Flavilla* was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured had it been known : but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence : hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character : and an elderly maiden lady who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to *Flavilla*.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence

and caution. She told *Flavilla*, “ that she was a
“ fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that
“ she kept a great deal of company, and that the
“ world was censorious: she wished that less occasion
“ for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the
“ liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by
“ those slanders which could have no influence upon
“ the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicit-
“ ous to avoid.” This address, however ambiguous,
and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely
resented. *Flavilla* proud of her virtue, and impa-
tient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a
philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her
conduct: before a person so much her inferior, there-
fore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a
mixture of contempt and indignation, “ That those
“ only who did not know her, would dare to take any
“ liberty with her character; and warned her to pro-
“ pagate no scandalous report at her peril.” *Flavilla*
immediately rose from her seat, and the woman de-
parted without reply, though she was scarce less offend-
ed than her lodger, and from that moment she deter-
mined when *Mercator* returned to give him warning.

Mercator’s voyage was prosperous, and after an ab-
sence of about ten months he came back. The wo-
man, to whom her husband left the whole manage-
ment of the lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose,
soon found an opportunity to put it in execution,
Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctu-
ally fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended,
and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to
leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed
a very friendly woman, was very unwilling to give;
and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he
became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After
much

much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that “ Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late ; that she had “ always been used to quiet and regularity ; and was “ determined to let her apartment to some persons in a “ more private station.”

At this account *Mercator* changed countenance ; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less . After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her she had already said too much. She then assured him, “ That “ he had no reason to be alarmed ; for that she had “ no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which “ her station and the fashion sufficiently authorised.” *Mercator’s* suspicions, however, were not wholly removed ; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust ; he therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that “ He had some doubts concerning his wife, which it “ was of the utmost importance to his honour and his “ peace to resolve : he intreated that he might continue “ in the apartment another year ; that, as he should “ again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would “ suffer no incident, which might confirm either his “ hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence ; and that at his return she would give him “ such an account as would at least deliver him from “ the torment of suspense, and determine his future “ conduct.”

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife ; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove ; but being well acquainted with her temper,

in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "Because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation, which otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.



The Story of FLAVILLA *Concluded.*

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after *Mercator's* return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill she was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement

Flavilla

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Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon *Mercator's* caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct; notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. *Flavilla* was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from *St. James's*. It happened that *Flavilla* was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and *Flavilla* no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of *Mercator*. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye upon the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. *Flavilla*, who
had

had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, who she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of *Mercator* would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that *Flavilla*, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude that it would still have been

the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of *Flavilla's* mind, and her little boy was six months old when *Mercator* returned. She received him with joy indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheartful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. *Mercator* caught the infection; and caressed first his *Flavilla*, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever with a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He, had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was, at least in her own opinion, of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "That the child was born within less
than

"than eight months after his last return from abroad ;
"that it was said to have come before its time, but that
"having pressed to see it she was refused." This,
indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in
her suspicion ; for *Flavilla*, who had still resented the
freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had
kept her at a great distance ; and the servants, to
gratify their mistress, treated her with the utmost in-
solence and contempt,

At this relation *Mercator* turned pale. He now
recollected that the question concerning the child's
birth had been evaded ; and concluded, that he had
been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strum-
pet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patri-
mony, his honour and his peace. He started up with
the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy ; but she with
great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the
room. He sat down and remained some time motion-
less, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands
locked in each other. In proportion as he believed
his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father
revived ; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to
prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a
reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to
the house ; where he learned that his father had died
early in the morning, and that his relations were then
assembled to read his will. *Fulvius*, a brother of
Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a
favourite, happening to pass from one room to another,
heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour
of friendship ; and soothing him with expressions of
condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to
the company. *Mercator* tacitly consented : he was re-
ceived at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting

down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest ; but was indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He awaked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended ; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing : but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room ; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, " That the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day encreased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous ; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw *Mercator* into another agony ; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune, and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him : and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as would scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. *Mercator*, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to his proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by *Flavilla* with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which

which she had shut up in his absence: she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready: Her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which *Mercator* had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; "Of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized *Flavilla* upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of *Mercator*, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child, while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After *Mercator* had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings, in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with.

Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce ; but when he came, he found *Flavilla* was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments, as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence, by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered *Fulvius's* business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where *Mercator* was to be found, he would urge him to return, that, if possible, the life of *Flavilla* might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. *Fulvius*, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew : but after much entreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to *Flavilla* ; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts, and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of *Fulvius*.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. *Mercator*, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words :

“ Such

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should
“ not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but
“ those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but
“ for your sake, wish them other than they are. The
“ dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies
“ dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and
“ your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my
“ pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you, that
“ you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me
“ attest my innocence with the last sigh, and our re-
“ conciliation on my lips, while they are yet sensible
“ of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from *London* he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart : he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her ; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post-horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in *Leicester-Fields*. But, notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late ; *Flavilla* had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body ; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of *Flavilla* ; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in *Mercator's* circumstances to be less jealous than *Mercator*.



The Adventures of THE ODOSIUS
and CONSTANTIA.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the youngest son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship, between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some

some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person; whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman; and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. *Constantia*, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

“ THE thought of my *Constantia*, which for some
 “ years has been my only happiness, is now be-
 “ come a greater torment to me than I am able to bear.
 “ Must I then live to see you another's? The streams,
 “ the fields and meadows, where we have so often talk-
 “ ed together, grow painful to me; life itself is become
 “ a burden. May you long be happy in the world,
 “ but forget that there was ever such a man in it as
 THEODOSIUS.

This letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind sometime before,

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fore, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted : she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodosius* : in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter ; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Constantia* had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life ; and as it is usual in the *Romish* church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

W 6

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after *Constantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in confession, tho' neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the name of father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards

wards the father ; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of *Theodosius*. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her sins were forgiven her—That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form ; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her application. *Theodosius* having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those

those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her, the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

CONSTANTIA's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father *Francis*, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and father *Francis*; from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

“ **A**S the first-fruits of those joys and consolations
“ which you may expect from the life you are
“ now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*
“ whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still
“ alive; and that the father, to whom you have con-
“ fessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so
“ much lament. The love which we had for one ano-
“ ther will make us more happy in its disappointment
“ than it could have done in its success. Providence
“ has disposed of us for our advantage, tho’ not accord-
“ ing to our wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as
“ dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease
“ to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.”

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CONSTANTIA saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter : and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she ; *Theodosius* is still in being : I shall live with comfort and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided ; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia* ; who, at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally preceeds death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. *Constantia* received it with pleasure : and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short *Latin* inscription over them to the following purpose :

Here lye the bodies of father *Francis* and sister *Constance*. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.



The RING A MORAL TALE.

The fatal effects of ill grounded suspicion.

REASONING and raillery have been often employed against coquettes, but to so little purpose, that there is not, perhaps, a coquette in the three kingdoms who has been benefited by the solidity of the philosopher, or the sharpness of the satirist. They go on with their double-dealing, regardless of all that has been written for their instruction; and though they meet with frequent disappointments, they are not in the least deterred from duplicity.

A woman of a coquetting turn, who is ambitious of being followed by a number of admirers, and who endeavours to make each of them believe that he is master of every avenue leading to her heart, generally defeats her own designs by the variation of her behaviour. Unhappily, she sometimes produces quarrels between the most intimate friends; quarrels not to be terminated without sanguinary consequences. How much has *she* to answer for, who by her *trifling* drives two rivals to the field of *false honour*! How severely will she suffer, if she has the smallest sensibility, when she is informed that the man to whom her heart gives the preference is slain by his competitor! How doubly painful must *her* sensations be who, by her indiscretion after marriage, brings her husband to an untimely end!

Miss Dashwood, a young lady with five thousand pounds in her own hands, and with no relation near

enough to controul her, was admired wherever she went, and wherever she went had a train of smart fellows perpetually jostling each other to convince her how much they wished to be of importance in her eyes. Her face, her shape, her air, in short, her whole figure, was alluring. She was possessed of many shining accomplishments, and had a good understanding; but as vanity was her predominant passion, the arts to which she had recourse, in order to set her person off to the utmost advantage, made her often appear in a ridiculous light. Having mixed early in life with the genteelst people of both sexes, she behaved with all that graceful ease by which those people are peculiarly distinguished from the plebeian part of the human species.

Among the number of her admirers there were two professed lovers, who seemed equally studious to gain her affections; and each of them did every thing he could devise to triumph over his rival.

Mr. Twisdale was the only son of a gentleman who had a considerable estate in the north of England, and who, wishing to see him happily married, before he left the world, had promised to enable him to make a handsome settlement on the woman of his choice. The woman who had made a conquest of *his* heart was Miss Dashwood, and it was the whole employment of his life to soften *hers* in his favour.

Mr. Williamson had a genteel place in one of the public offices, was of a good family, was well connected, and had great reason to believe that he should come into the possession of a large estate at the death of an uncle; a man advanced in years, and afflicted with many acute disorders which he inherited with his patrimony, under the oppressions of which he had, however, arrived almost to his grand climacteric, though with but few intervals of absolute ease.

To both these gentlemen, pretty nearly of the same age, neither of them much above five and twenty, Miss Dashwood was, at times, inclined. Twisdale and Williamson were both sensible young fellows; they were both good-natured, and extremely well-bred; but the former was too apt to take fire upon the most trivial occasions: and though he was very assiduous as a lover, Miss Dashwood saw so much of his irascibility, that she did not think it altogether prudent to unite herself to a man of so choleric a disposition. Williamson being of a milder turn, and, with equal assiduity, master of a more winning address, had the greatest share of her esteem. *Love* was quite out of the question; for she had not a heart susceptible of the *tender passion*. To improve her fortune by marriage was the grand point she had in view. She felt a partiality for Williamson, but she did not chuse to let him see it, for as he was not yet in possession of his uncle's estate, he was not immediately to be thought of for a husband. Twisdale was the person to whom she would have, perhaps, given her hand directly, in spite of her objections to his fiery temper, had she not found, upon a strict enquiry into the prospects of her two lovers, that the man whom she actually preferred would, in all human probability, be the richest.

To her two lovers Miss Dashwood behaved with so much art, that each of them reckoned himself the favoured one; and, in consequence of his erroneous conclusions from her carriage to him, looked upon the other with an inward exultation.

Twisdale, being more impatient than his rival, became, in a few months, weary with waiting for a decisive answer from the mistress of his affections, and at last pressed her very closely to declare whether she had determined to render him completely happy, or complete-

ly wretched. "This suspense grows in supportable," continued he, "and you are as cruel as you are charming: only tell me, at once, whether I am to be blest with your consent, or curst with your refusal; for while I linger upon the rack of uncertainty, the anguish of my mind is not to be described."

Miss Dashwood, knowing his impetuosity, and fearing that he was on the point of deserting her, promised to determine in a week either for or against him.

"If you determine against me, madam," replied he "you may as well shoot me through the head at the same time, for I shall never bear to see you in the arms of another."

Some morning visitors coming in, the conversation of course ran in a different channel.

Twisdale, soon after he returned to his lodgings received an express from the country, which occasioned his making immediate preparations for his departure. His father had been seized with a paralytic stroke, and being apprehensive of a *second*, had declared his desire to see his son while he was able to speak to him.

Twisdale found his father able indeed to speak to him, but in accents which were hardly intelligible. As the old gentleman, however, grew rather better every day, he went back to London at the end of the week, and waited directly on the idol of his heart, telling her, while he was flying to her upon the wings of love, that he hoped she had in his absence made a determination favourable to him.

She received him with smiles; those smiles were highly animating; but her reply almost intoxicated him. "I shall be ill-deserving, Sir, of the partiality you have discovered for me, if I did not distinguish you from the rest of your sex. I think myself very happy in seeing you so strongly attached to me, and can no longer refuse to give my hand to the man who has taken so much pains to win my heart."

Elated with this reviving answer, he made a spirited declaration of his feelings upon the occasion, and left her agreeably to those feelings, the happiest of men.

Twisdale, when he left his mistress, paid a visit to his friend; to that friend, into whose faithful bosom he had been accustomed to pour all his secrets, he repeated Miss Dashwood's speech to him; and after having bestowed a little commentary upon it, altogether in the character of a lover of the first form, he added, "Now, don't you think, Tom, I have all the reason in the world to be delighted with my situation?"

Mr. Burrel very much disappointed him by shaking his head, and shrugging up his shoulders, without speaking a syllable.

"How, Tom! have I not reason to be delighted?"
"by no means," replied he, with his usual slowness of utterance: "you have more reason to be dissatisfied."

"Hey day! what the devil is the matter with you this morning! has not Harriot Dashwood absolutely promised to give me her hand?"

"She is a coquette."

"She has promised to give me her hand, I tell you."

"A coquette is never to be depended upon."

"And so you really imagine that Harriot will fling me?"

"I do, indeed."

"Why then I believe you will find yourself curiously mistaken. You have strange notions about women; you will not allow any to be sincere. You think every woman who behaves with a general politeness is a coquette: but I hope you will alter your opinion of Miss Dashwood, when you see her Mrs. Twisdale."

"Certainly I shall—not till then."

Twis-

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Twisdale was almost provoked to say something very severe to his friend for his incredulity with regard to Miss Dashwood's behaviour; but as he was at the same time assured that Burrel was thoroughly sincere himself, and firmly attached to *him*, he checked his rising resentment, and only said, when he took leave of him, "Well, Tom, I am sorry you rank my Harriot among your hypocrites. You will view her in another light by and by."

"I wish I may."

And so ended the conversation between them.

In a few weeks afterwards, Twisdale was encouraged to make preparations for his approaching nuptials, and Miss Dashwood on *her* side, was not idle.

When his wedding day was fixed Twisdale paid a visit to his friend Burrel, to invite him to assist at the ceremony.

Tom hesitated.

"Nay, you have not any doubts, surely, now?"

"As many as I had before."

"And so you won't come to my wedding?"

"I will hold myself in readiness; but I do not expect to be called upon."

"You are d——d narrow in your notions concerning women. Tom. If I had not too often experienced your friendship for me, to question your zeal for my welfare, I would not have any thing more to say to you. As you have given me the strongest proofs of the goodness of your heart, I make allowances for the singular decisions of your head. All I have to add is, Saturday is to be the decisive day, and I hope you will come to my apartments early."

"I shall be punctual; but——"

"I'll hear no *buts*—Remember Saturday." And away he went with a thousand gay ideas floating in his mind.

While the abovementioned business was transacting between Mr. Twisdale and Miss Dashwood, Mr. Williamson was upon a tour in the north of England. At the house of a friend, about a day's journey from his uncle's he received news of the preparations making for his rival's marriage, and immediately set out for London, that he might do all in his power to prevent it. In a few hours after his arrival in town, he, to his no small surprize, was acquainted with the sudden death of his uncle; he was also informed that Mr. Cookson had left all his fortune, some trifling legacies excepted, to *him*. As he had hurried to London, however, on purpose to have an interview with Miss Dashwood, he was determined to wait on her before he returned to the North.

Miss Dashwood was somewhat embarrassed at the sight of a man to whom she had given the greatest encouragement, and whose passion for her she had nourished with the most flattering hopes; yet, not imagining that his circumstances had been so much bettered, she felt no penitential emotions on account of her resolution in Mr. Twisdale's favour: but when Mr. Williamson, after having in vain endeavoured, with all the eloquence he was master of to make her give up his rival, mentioned his uncle's death, and his improved situation in consequence of it, she was staggered, she was confounded, she wished she had not gone so far with Twisdale. A woman, with a nice sense of honour, would have decided the affair in a moment: Miss Dashwood was not, indeed, a great while ballancing between the two men; but *interest*, not *honour*, turned the scale. She therefore, after having made Williamson an awkward apology for her precipitation by insinuating that she thought he had forgotten her, consented to become his wife.

Williamson

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Williamson was so rejoiced at having not only stolen a march on his rival, but signed the preliminaries towards an alliance with his mistress, that he did not pay that regard to *decency* which, circumstanced as he was, he ought to have done. He married Miss Dashwood before he put on his mourning, that he might effectually hinder Twisdale from supplanting him, and then set out for Yorkshire to take possession of the estate which had devolved to him. Before his departure he prevailed on his Harriot to reside with a distant relation of his, an elderly widow lady, and a very amiable woman, who lived in a genteel retirement a few miles from the capital.

Mrs. Cross received Mrs. Williamson with a great deal of pleasure at her small but elegant villa; and the latter had no reason, in any shape, to be displeased with her accommodations.

Mr. Twisdale, on the day before Williamson's arrival had been summoned into Essex. After he had performed the last duties to his deceased father, who lingered about a week in a state of insensibility, he was surprized with a visit from his friend Mr. Burrel-

Burrel approached him with that primness in his air which discriminated him from all other men; and when he had paid his compliments of condolence, proceeded in the following terms, "You was offended with me when we parted last for expressing my doubts concerning Miss Dashwood's attachment to you; I am sorry to tell you that there is no such person as Miss Dashwood."

"How! is she dead?"

"Dead to *you*—she is married."

"Married! Fire and furies! I shall run mad."

"You had better blot her from your memory, for she is not an object worthy of your remembrance. She has jilted you."

“ Jilted me! D——n her! but come—since the murder is done, give me some consolation, if you can, by informing me Williamson is not the happy man.”

“ Mr. Williamson is her husband, but I dare lay any sum that he will not be long a happy man. A coquette——

“ Ay—now you may rail at coquettes till your tongue is tired—a pack of devils! what a confounded fool was I—Well! this will cure me of matrimony, however. Burrel you are a wise man to keep your neck out of the collar.”

In this strain he went on for some time; and his friend, every now and then, threw in a dry sarcasm to sharpen the edge of his resentment against the fair part of the creation.

Twisdale, when he had made himself hoarse with raving against the whole female race, began to feel his love for his Harriot revive in his bosom; and as he felt the revival of it very troublesome, for it excluded tranquillity from his mind, he could not help paying a visit to the only woman in the world whom he should have avoided.

Mrs. Williamson started at first sight of him, (for he did not acquaint Mrs. Cross's servant with his name) as she was conscious of having behaved to him in the most dishonourable manner: however, as he took not the least notice of her past behaviour, she soon recovered from her confusion; and when he earnestly begged to be permitted to visit her as a friend, she very discreetly complied with his imprudent request.

When Mr. Twisdale was gone, Mrs. Cross, who had overheard their conversation while she sat in an adjoining room, could not help reproving Mrs. Williamson; but she reproved her in the mildest terms, for the liberty she had allowed to him. “ My dear madam,”

“ con-

continued she, "do but consider how extremely uneasy Mr. Williamson may be to hear of your encouraging Mr. Twisdale's visits. I wish you would be denied to him the next time he comes, and never suffer him to be admitted."

Mrs. Cross received a few acknowledgments from Mrs. Williamson for her kind concern about her, but her advice was neglected. Mr. Twisdale was admitted whenever he made his appearance.

When Mr. Williamson returned from Yorkshire, he slept the first night of his arrival in London, at his old lodgings, being excessively fatigued with his journey.

He rose early in the morning, and as he was impatient to see his wife, he went immediately to Mrs. Cross's. The reception which he met with from Mrs. Williamson gave him a great deal of pleasure. She welcomed him in the most affectionate terms imaginable, and seemed to be highly pleased at his return.

Mrs. Cross also appeared to be very much pleased at Mr. Williamson's return; but she was, at the same time, not a little perplexed by it. Mrs. Williamson, by permitting Mr. Twisdale to visit her as a friend, and by suffering him to take many indiscreet liberties with her, had induced Mrs. Cross to renew her admonitions frequently, though they were always disregarded: and it was but the evening before they had a long and serious conversation upon the subject, which ended more to the honour of the old lady than the young one. Mrs. Cross, in short was at length so thoroughly provoked at some of Mrs. Williamson's answers, as well as concerned for her negligence in respect to her character, that she told her plainly, when they separated for the night, she wished her husband would come, and take her under his own protection.

The perplexity of Mrs. Cross upon this occasion gave

gave her more uneasiness than she had ever felt in her life. After having remained several days in a state of the most disagreeable uncertainty, fluctuating between opposite impulses, she determined to acquaint Mr. Williamson, for whom she had the sincerest esteem, with the observations which she had made on his wife's behaviour during his absence.

Williamson was equally chagrined and surprized at the intelligence communicated to him. Sometimes, indeed, while he was separated from his Harriot, his peace was interrupted by suspicions and apprehensions; and sometimes he started with horror from his pillow, having dreamt that he saw her too familiarly engaged with Twisdale: but his doubts were always dissipated when he reflected upon her situation with Mrs. Cross; and the joy which she expressed on seeing him again, made him reproach himself for having suspected her of inconstancy. As he was, therefore, in this satisfied frame of mind when Mrs. Cross gave him an account of Mrs. Williamson's carriage, during his separation from her, he was unspeakably distressed. "I am obliged to *you*, madam, said he to Mrs. Cross, "for this information, though it almost distracts me. However, I shall not appear to my wife to have heard any thing concerning her indiscretion. I have some business to transact in London which will detain me a few weeks perhaps: when that is finished I will carry her down to Yorkshire, far enough out of Twisdale's way. When she is quite removed from *him*, she will probably have no inducement to be indiscreet: but if I find so, with all my circumspection, I will lock her up."

Mrs. Cross, after having intreated him not to mention *her* in the affair, told him how much she approved of his determination, adding, that she hoped he would not find himself under a necessity of having re-

course to rigorous measures.

Mrs. Williamson, not imagining that she was acting a criminal part, by receiving Mr. Twisdale's visits, said to her husband, soon after the abovementioned interview, "Mr. Twisdale, my dear, will drink tea with us, this afternoon. He is just come to town. Here is his card." (Shewing it to him.)

Williamson though not naturally a passionate man, was irritated to say, "D—n his card," (tearing it to pieces) "and *him* too."

Recollecting himself, however, immediately, he added, "But why should I d——n him? I recall my words. I shall be glad to see him."

With difficulty he uttered the last syllables, and then quitted the room abruptly, to prevent his wife from diving into his designs.

Mrs. Williamson had penetration enough to see an inconsistency in his behaviour, with regard to Mr. Twisdale; but she had not discernment sufficient to guess at his intentions.

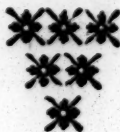
Mr. Twisdale came: Mr. Williamson received him politely, and covered the feelings of his heart with "smiles and affability." Those feelings were soon rendered almost insupportable, for upon Twisdale's drawing off his glove, he beheld on his finger the very ring which he had presented to his wife, while he was making his addresses to her: the sight of that ring hurried him instantly to conclude that the wearer of it and his wife had been too intimately acquainted during his absence. His conclusion was too precipitate, Harriot had, indeed, received the ring from Mr. Williamson, while he was her professed lover, and should have returned it when she had consented to become the wife of his rival; but instead of behaving with so much discretion, she had given it to Mr.
Twis-

Twisdale a little before her intended marriage with him. The ring confirmed all the jealous husband's suspicions, and was the foundation of a fatal event.

Soon after the tea-things were removed, Mr. Williamson asked Mr. Twisdale if he would take a walk in the garden. Mr. Twisdale rose and followed him. Mrs. Williamson would have accompanied them; "By no means, my dear," said her husband, "we have some private business together." She was silenced; but she was not easy. However, as they were both of them unarmed, she apprehended no unhappy consequences from their walk.

At the bottom of the garden there was an arbour. Mr. Williamson, stepping into it, brought out two swords, and offered one of them to Mr. Twisdale. "You must give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, Sir." "For what?" replied Twisdale. "For taking advantage of my absence from my wife, like a coward, to dishonour me." "I have neither dishonoured you, Sir, nor am I a coward." "I'll hear no more; that ring is decisive against you: defend yourself."

At that instant Mrs. Williamson, whose impatience would not suffer her to remain in the house any longer, opened the garden-door, and saw her husband and Mr. Twisdale engaged with their swords. She screamed, and ran as fast as she could, in order to put a stop to their proceedings: but she came too late. They were both lying on the ground before the arbour. Mr. Williamson was dead: Mr. Twisdale was mortally wounded





ON CHASTITY.

*With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.* SHENSTONE.

I DON'T know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, "Alas, whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me." The circumstances of her story are only these ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, "She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction." But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth: Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them amidst their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception
he

he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares towards vice in some, whilst fullness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! "Cæsar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia?" Does the poor creature imagine that a scrap of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses under a stupor of faith, honour and conscience? No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the

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intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil; but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I don't, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues; by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears and reproaches against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy: In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyrick by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her, but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her
own

“own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.” But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble as that of Joseph in holy writ : When his master had trusted him so unreservedly, (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) “He “knew not ought he had save the bread which he did “eat,” he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress ; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer ? “Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the “house, and hath committed all that he hath to my “hand, there is none greater in the house than I, “neither hath he kept back any thing from me but “thee, because thou art his wife.” The same argument which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity ; the malice and falshood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulance, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety,

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I won't say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan; "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no "hero."



On M O D E S T Y.

True modesty is ashamed of every thing that is criminal :

False modesty of every thing that is unfashionable.

ADDISON.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *feeling* in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or
time.

time of what I am going to mention ; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient *Greece*, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients, to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practise which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame, in the fair-sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue ; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour ; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless.

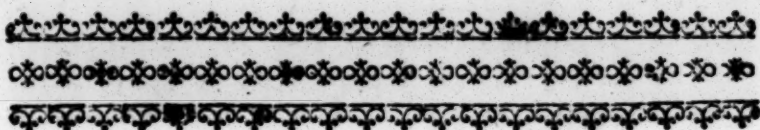
Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practise of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves, upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves ; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After

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After those reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practise of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward shew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by these perfections which are ; or to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who because his head was bald covered that defect with laurels.



On H A P P I N E S S .

*Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.*

POPE.

I Ought hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the creator of my being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of chearfulness and joy; or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole.

With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked; extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the *Spleen*, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read. The passage is this:

*Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd, life's wag: r row'd:
And when he can't prevent foul play.
Enjoys the Follies of the Fray.*

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me, a more eligible character than the weeping one ; but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject which will, I hope excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

— If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasiness of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free or brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour ; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessities of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediate-

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ly compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain!

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the creator passed on man for his disobedience, *by the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread*: for the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we see daily produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience; yet is that curse so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who, by intemperance or sloth inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his

own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest, who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under a kind of necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by an useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crouds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have the frequent mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed, and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our enquiries still higher; if we examine into the state of a king and even enthroned him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to
be

be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

This happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations, which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude, ambition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I will conclude these reflections with the following fable.

“ Labour, the offspring of want, and the mother of health and contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: But having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with health on her right-hand, who by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and, by her perpetual good-humour, encreasing the vivacity of her sister.

“ In this manner they travelled over forests and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But health was of too gay a disposition to regard the council of labour: she suffered herself to be debauched by intemperance, and at last died in child-birth of disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister,

“ gave herself up to the enticements of sloth, and was
 “ never heard of after : While labour, who could
 “ have no enjoyment without her daughters, went
 “ every where in search of them, till she was at last
 “ seized by lassitude in her way, and died in misery.”



The ART of HAPPINESS.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain. POPE.

A Good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it will be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us ; and so in a good measure it is ; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side : He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness ; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and *Melissa* are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too ; but by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. *Arachne* has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that

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that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little chearful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual chearfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom

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inquires what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable ; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus *Melissa*, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed ; while *Arachne*, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful : the one spreads an universal gloom ; the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these *minutiae* of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the encreasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or what-

ever

ever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens his harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm, to which he is exposed, by remarking, on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

Thus does good-manners, as well as good-sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that *Melissa* is become the wisest and the best-bred woman living: And by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that easy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good nature, and the scripture charity, whose natural and never failing fruit is HAPPINESS.



The ABSURDITY of EXTREMES.

'Tis education forms the youthful mind;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. POPE.

I Am an humble cousin to two sisters, who though they are good-humoured. good sort of people, and (all things considered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The elder of my cousins is a very jolly free-hearted girl, and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much

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much as a pin in her gown ; while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a *Slattern*, runs into the contrary extreme, and is in every thing she does an absolute *Fidfid*. She takes up almost as much time to put on her gown, as her sister does to dirty one. The elder is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the other is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder you are sure to have it lost ; or if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but she refuses it from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatsoever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear ; and whatsoever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the elder is sure to be broken by the younger, whose usual time of undressing and folding up her cloaths, is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hinderance, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in the way.

If they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be : The elder would lose her's by saying *yes* too soon, and the younger by saying *no* too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing : Or were they mothers, the daughters of the elder would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the younger dressing dolls with the misses.

I wish, sir, you would be so kind to these cousins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have said already that they are both good-humoured ; and if you could prevail upon the elder to borrow from the younger

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younger a little thought and neatness ; and upon the younger to add to her exactness a little of the careless freedom of the elder ; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happiest of all humble cousins.



On BEAUTY and FLATTERY.

*Beauties like princes from their very youth,
Are perfect strangers to the voice of truth.*

POPE.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call *Letitia* and *Daphne* ; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the the good and ill of their lives seem to turn. *Letitia* has not from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishment to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned ; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it ; and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it ; while *Letitia* was listened

to with partiality, and approbation sat on the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merits. *Lætitia* has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw *Lætitia* this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a contrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia!*—She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with the repeated instances of good humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with.——*Faith Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.* The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laugh.——*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.* He did so; the father received
his

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intelligence with no less joy than surprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *beauty*, which he thought he could carry to market at leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend *Daphne's*. All her acquaintances congratulate her upon her chance-medly, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason, I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter, to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

“ Monsieur St *Euremont* has concluded one of his
“ essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a hand-
“ some woman are not so much for the loss of her life,
“ as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued
“ too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark,
“ that a woman's strongest passion is for her own
“ beauty, and that she values it as her favourite dis-
“ tinction. From hence it is that all arts, which
“ pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so
“ general a reception among the sex. To say no-
“ thing of many false helps, and contraband wares of
“ beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart,
“ there is not a maiden-gentlewoman, of a good fa-
“ mily, in any county of *South Britain*, who has not
“ heard of the virtues of *May dew*, or is unfurnished
“ with some receipt or other in favour of her com-
“ plexion; and I have known a physician of learning
“ and sense, after eight years study in the university,
“ and a course of travels into most countries of *Europe*,
“ owe the first raising of his fortune to a cosmetic
“ wash. “ This

“ This has given me occasion to consider how so
 “ universal a disposition in womankind which springs
 “ from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and
 “ proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless,
 “ that nature helped by art may be turned to their
 “ advantage. And methinks, it would be an accept-
 “ able service to take them out of the hands of quacks
 “ and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon
 “ themselves, by discovering to them the true secret
 “ and art of improving beauty.

“ In order to this, before I touch upon it directly,
 “ it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary
 “ maxims, *viz.*

“ That no woman can be *handsome* by the force of
 “ features alone, any more than she can be *witty* only
 “ by the help of speech.

“ That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and
 “ affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than
 “ the small-pox.

“ That no woman is capable of being *beautiful*.
 “ who is not incapable of being *false*.

“ And, that what would be *odious* in a friend, is
 “ *deformity* in a mistress.

“ From these few principles, thus laid down, it will
 “ be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty,
 “ consists in embellishing the whole person by the pro-
 “ per ornament of virtuous and commendable quali-
 “ ties. By this help alone it is, that those who are
 “ the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden*
 “ expresses it, the porcelian clay of human kind be-
 “ come animated, are in a capacity of exerting their
 “ charms : and those who seem to have been neglected,
 “ like models wrought in haste, by it are capable in a
 “ great measure of finishing what was left imper-
 “ fect.

“ It

“ It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that
“ sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften
“ the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of
“ sight. This is abridging them of their natural
“ extent of power, to put them upon a level with
“ their pictures at Kneller’s. How much nobler is
“ the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue,
“ and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws
“ our observation? How faint and spiritless are the
“ charms of a coquet, when compared with the real
“ loveliness of *Sophronia’s* innocence, piety, good
“ humour and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That
“ agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared
“ no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in
“ the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the
“ faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas
“ may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and
“ she, who takes no care to add to the natural graces
“ of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph
“ as a beauty.

“ When *Adam*, is introduced by *Milton* describing
“ *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the angel the
“ impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*,
“ by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her
“ mind, which shone in them, and gave them the
“ power of charming.

*Grace was in all her steps, Heav’n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.*

“ Without this irradiating power the proudest fair
“ one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her

R

“ to

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“ to the contrary, that her most perfect features are
“ uninformed and dead.

“ I cannot better close this moral, than by a short
“ epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a spirit which
“ nothing could inspire but such an object as I have
“ been describing.

*Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die ;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.”*



On the FORCE of AFFECTION.

*Tears of compassion, are nature's marks to know an honest
Heart by.* VOLTAIRE.

A Young gentleman and a lady of ancient and honourable houses in *Cornwall*, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes ; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after the nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country to take care of a considerable fortune which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion,
and

and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, *you see how faithful love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad ; but at last (though he designed to return with the next ship) he lamented in his letters, that business would detain him some time longer from home, because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met with there, or upon discourse of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet ; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the water which she fancied was a chest ; and with a smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right ; but promising if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for her child, of which she was then big, provided she might be godmother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. Who knows (said she) but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house, the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and plea-

sing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended on his life? There may, for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcomes he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, oh, my cousin! and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropt into a swoon upon the body. An old woman who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child (as she always called him) dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this: a gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart,
obtained

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obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in *Westmorland*, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at *London*. The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid : they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage ; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

March 18, 1672.

S I R,

“ After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother ; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better shew than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence.

Your most dutiful Son, T. D.”

“ The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel——I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into the chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room ; and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol which he

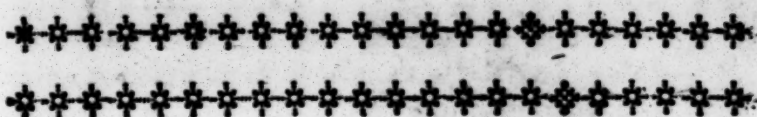
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knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased with his agreeable flattery, now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me ; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your case-ment ; you shall die you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.—Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition ; but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. *Will*, said he, did you charge these pistols ? he answered, yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

S I R,

“ I who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my own hands, through a mistake of my man’s charging my pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave : but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good man !—Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it : in the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I do not for myself. If it [be possible do not curse me.”



On BENEVOLENCE. *An Eastern Story.*

CARAZAN, the merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the east for his avarice and wealth; his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, *Caraxan* prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of *Caraxan* was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to a-

vert

vert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. *Carazen*, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had been long the life of *Carazen*, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitudes soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, *Carazen* beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who was in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind,
and

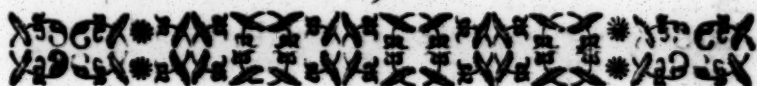
and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity thro' the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“ *Carazan*, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse its light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, *Carazan*, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou

be driven : solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair." At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence solitude and darkness ! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire : " O ! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life ; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. - Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ;

and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of *Afric*, or the gems of *Golconda*.

At this reflection upon this dream, *Carazan* became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion, the multitude were struck at once with the precept and example ; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.



On SELF-LOVE. A FABLE.

THERE lived in the vale of *Keritz*, a hermit named *Akallah*, who by the power of a talisman could convert any animal whatever into another of a different species. His life being as pure as his knowledge was extensive, he presently became famous over the whole east, and all the youth of the adjacent countries came to him for instruction. Among the rest, the son of the king of *Thebet* was placed by his father under the tuition of this celebrated philosopher. *Monoplax*, for that was the name of the young prince, was of a proud, selfish, and cruel disposition ; he looked upon the other nations of the earth, as tributary vassals to his power, and upon his father's subjects, as the abject slaves of his pleasure. *Kalaphax*, the good old king, who tenderly loved his people as a parent,

would

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would often lament within himself the terrible prospect, they had before them, which anticipate the calamities that were likely to ensue after his death, under the reign of his successor; however, that nothing should be wanting to contribute to their welfare, or that of his own son, he took all the methods possible to render the young prince more humane and tractable; but when nothing availed, he at last determined to send him as abovementioned, to the great philosopher and magician *Akallab*. Accordingly when *Monophax* was arrived at a little village, where the pupils of distinction generally resided, he sent to command the preceptor to come to him. *Akallab*, who both knew by his art, and was previously informed of the temper of his royal disciple; told the messenger, that though his birth and fortune set a distinction between the rest of mankind, yet wisdom claimed superiority by nature over all; and though the prince of *Thebet* had been accustomed to command the great ones of the earth, it was now his turn to obey and attend the will of his master. As soon as *Monophax* received this message, which breathed a spirit of liberty and philosophy, more than what he had been used to, he was greatly enraged against the hermit, and repairing to his cave with the servants that attended him, resolved to make the good old man fall a victim to his resentment. *Akallab* being apprized of the young prince's design, waited patiently for his coming, upon whose appearance with a drawn sword in his hand, he touched the talisman, and *Monophax* was instantly metamorphos'd into an emmet. The attendants, upon the sudden disappearance of their master, were greatly astonished, which the hermit perceiving: "Behold!" said he, pointing to the ground, that insect which you see crawling on the earth, was once *Monophax*, your lord,

lord, who was to reign uncontrollable over the lives of millions, but is now reduced by the power of the Almighty, to lie with reptiles in the dust; for before his presence, who created every being for universal good, and not selfish delight, the greatest monarch upon the globe is no more than the smallest mote fluttering in the meridian sun. Learn hence continued he, young prince (looking down upon the emmet) that those alone are distinguished by his present and future favour, who correspond with his great design of promoting the good of all his creatures, and guide their lives by the unerring dictates of reason, and the tender suggestions of humanity. 'Tis in my power, whom you lately so threatened in your wrath, to make you continue in this body, as a punishment for the rash attempt; but as I perceive by my art, that there will be a thorough reformation of your mind with the change of your shape, and that your future conduct will be both a blessing to yourself and the rest of mankind; you shall immediately be conveyed back again in your own form, with your attendants, to the court of your father at *Thebet*." Having said this, *Akallab* touched the talisman, by which *Monophaz* found himself where the magician promised to convey him; and being convinced, by this experiment, of the weakness and insufficiency of man, in comparison to the power of heaven, he became afterwards, by his example, a living precept of goodness to the rest of the world.



*The DAY and YEAR considered as a
Representation of LIFE.*

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth we inhabit with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation ; by which it has been discovered that no other confirmation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be, perhaps, observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend some time to fulfill them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation awakened into resolve : that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be immediately detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see, on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines

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clines and sets, and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood, The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumb'd, and the winter points out the time when life shall cease with all its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide away unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession; but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

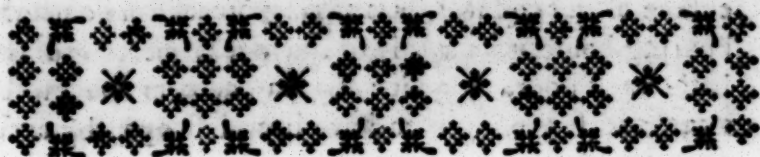
But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct. There are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number four: but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

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Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat,

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprises us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment in the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work."



The extraordinary History of BIANCA.

A VENETIAN LADY.

ABOUT the end of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young man of Florence, of a creditable family, but without fortune, went to live with a merchant of the same country, who had settled at Venice: the merchant's house was over-against the back door of one that belonged to a noble Venetian, whose name was Barthelemi Capello. In the house of Capello there was a young lady of great beauty, whose name was Bianca. She was watched with great circumspection, but Buonaventuri frequently saw her at the window: he had not the least hope of a nearer interview, yet, by a natural, and almost necessary impulse, he did all that could be done in such circumstances to amuse her, and express the passion with which she had inspired him: he was young and amiable, she very soon ceased to be indifferent; and, after long negotiation, the particulars of which are not related, the lovers found means to accomplish their wishes. Bianca went every night, after the family were retired and asleep, to the chamber of Buonaventuri, in the merchant's house, by means of the little back door, which she left ajar, and by which she returned before day, without being seen by any body.

After this had continued some time, custom made her less cautious, and one night she staid with her lover till the morning was farther advanced than usual:

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it happened that a baker's boy, who, according to the custom of the country, was taking bread from a neighbouring house, to carry it to the oven, perceived the little back door, by which Bianca had come out, to be ajar, and supposing it to have been left open by accident, shut it.

The young lady came a few minutes afterwards, and found it fast; in the consternation and distress which this accident produced, she returned to the house she had just quitted, and knocking softly at the door, was let in by her lover, to whom she related what had happened. Gratitude and love instantly determined him to sacrifice every thing to her safety, and he immediately quitted his situation, and retired with the lady to the house of another Florentine, where they remained hidden, with the utmost care and precaution, till they found an opportunity of escaping to Florence.

At Florence he had a little house in Via larga, near St. Mark's, over-against a convent of nuns of the order of St. Catherine. To this little dwelling he retired, says our author, with his wife, and lived some time in great privacy, for fear the republic of Venice should, at the solicitations of Capello, cause him to be pursued.

Francis-Maria, the great duke of Tuscany, at this time, was a native of France, the son of Cosmo the first, and father of Mary de Medicis: he had married Jane of Austria, daughter of the emperor Ferdinand, widow of the king of Hungary: she was a princess of high estimation; but being at this time past her youth, the duke neglected her for other women. One of the officers of his court was the confidant of his pleasures, who had a wife not less zealous to render herself useful than himself.

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The arrival of the fair Venetian was known in Florence, and the rumour of her adventure, and her beauty, excited a strong desire in the duke to see her, to which the great privacy of her life contributed not a little. He used every day to walk before the house to which she had retired, and, as she had no amusement but looking out of the window, it was not long before his curiosity was gratified; she was indeed half veiled, but he saw enough to judge of her beauty, of which he became violently enamoured.

His confidant, preceiving his passion to be unsurmountable, began to concert measures for the gratification of it; and engaged his wife to assist in the project: the misfortunes which Bianca had already suffered, and those to which she was still exposed, gave this good woman a pretence to insinuate that she had something of importance to communicate to her, and for that purpose invited her to dinner. Buonaventuri was some time in suspense whether he should suffer Bianca to accept the invitation; but the rank of the lady, and the need in which he stood of protection, at length got the better of his caution and doubts. Bianca was received with the most flattering kindness and attention; she was prevailed upon to relate the story of her distress, and was heard with an appearance of the most tender concern: obliging offers were made her, and pressed with so generous a friendship, that she could not refuse to accept of some presents from the lady.

The duke, informed of the success of the first visit, hoped that he might be present at the second. Another invitation was immediately sent to Bianca; and, after new marks of esteem and regard, new pity of her misfortunes, and new praises of her beauty, she was asked if she had no desire to make her court to the grand duke,

duke, who, on his part, was impatient to become acquainted with her, having already found an opportunity to see and admire her. Bianca had not fortitude or virtue to forego this new honour; which, though she at first affected to refuse, her crafty seducer discovered by her eyes that she wished to be urged to accept. Just at this crisis it was contrived that the grand duke should come in without any appearance of design, and Bianca was charmed with the modesty of his address, the warmth of his praise, and the liberality of his offers. Other visits succeeded, and a familiarity insensibly came on; some presents which she could not refuse from her sovereign, improved the duke's advantage, and the husband himself did not think it prudent to break a connection which might be at once innocent and advantageous. The duke was not likely to stop short in so good a road; he gained new influence over the wife, by advancing the husband; and at last accomplished his wishes so much to the satisfaction of all parties, that, as the Italians express it, he, and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, made a *triangolo equilatero*: the husband soon became familiar with his new condition, and removed with his wife to a house in the fine street that leads to a bridge over the Arno, called Trinity-bridge: this house is still standing, and is distinguished by the arms of Medicis, surmounted by a hat, and belongs at present to the Ricardi family. Buonaventuri solaced himself for the loss of Bianca, by forming new connections, and associating with the nobility of the country: but a change of fortune so sudden and so great, rendered him insolent, overbearing, and presumptuous, even in his behaviour to the duke himself; and created him so many enemies, that he was at length assassinated near the bridge that lead to his house.

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The duke and his new mistress were not much afflicted at this accident ; she totally lost her reserve and timidity, and appeared in public with a magnificent equipage, setting honour and shame at defiance.

Jane, the grand dutchess, was extremely mortified at the conduct of her husband, and provoked by the pride of her rival, yet she suppressed both her grief and resentment ; which, however, secretly subverted her constitution, and at length put an end to her life.

The death of the grand dutchess opened new views to the ambition of Bianca, who had acquired an ascendancy over the duke which rendered him wholly subservient to her will, and she now exerted all her art to induce him to marry her. The cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, who was next heir to the dukedom, if his brother died without issue, opposed this marriage in vain, and Bianca, in a short time, became grand dutchess of Tuscany.

After some time she became very desirous of a child, who might succeed the grand duke in his dominions : she caused masses to be said, and astrologers to be consulted ; but these, and many other expedients, proving ineffectual, she resolved to feign a pregnancy, and introduce a spurious child, of which she would at least have the honour. To assist her in the execution of this project, she applied to a cordelier of the monastery of *Ogni Santi*, who readily undertaking the affair, she feigned transient sickness, nausea, and other symptoms of pregnancy, took to her bed, received the compliments of the court, and the duke himself expressed great satisfaction upon so happy an event.

Her pretended reckoning being up, she suddenly alarmed her people in the middle of the night, complained of labour pains, and enquired impatiently for her confessor.

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The cardinal, who suspected the artifices of his sister-in-law, had her so diligently watched, that he knew all her motions : as soon as he was informed that her confessor was sent for, he repaired to her anti-chamber, in which he walked to and fro, repeating his breviary. The dutchess hearing he was there, sent him a message intreating that he would retire, because she could not bear that he should hear the cries which might be forced from her by her pains : the cardinal answered, " Let her highness think only on her own business, as I do of mine." As soon as the confessor arrived, the cardinal ran to him, crying out, " Welcome, welcome, my dear father, the grand dutchess is in labour, and has great need of your assistance : " at the same time catching him, and embracing him he perceived a jolly boy just born which the good father had got in his sleeve : he instantly took the child from him, and cried out loud enough to be heard by the dutchess, " God be praised, the princess is happily delivered of a son ; " at the same time shewing him to all that were present.

The grand dutchess, enraged, almost to distraction, at this insult and disappointment, determined to be revenged on the cardinal ;—and the grand duke, whose passion had suffered no abatement, soon gave her an opportunity.

They were all three on a country party at *Poggio a' Caino*, and eat at the same table : the cardinal was extremely fond of *blanc manger*, and the dutchess procured some that was mixed with poison, and had it served up. The cardinal, who had many spies about her, was inform'd of it ; he sat down at table, however, as usual, but, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations of the dutchess, he would not touch the *blanc manger* : " Well, said the duke, if the cardinal will not eat it, I will ; " and immediately took some on his

his plate. The dutchess not being able to prevent his eating it, without discovering her crime, perceived herself to be undone for ever ; and to avoid the resentment of her brother-in-law, the cardinal, she eat the remainder of the poisoned dish herself, and both she and her husband died together, on the 21st of October 1587. The cardinal succeeded to the dukedom, by the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till 1608.



FELICIA *and* BONARIO;

or, HAPPINESS and GOODNESS.

IF we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with ; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much oftner the case ; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said, with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward ; as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and ease than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts, will be ofteneft made uneasy.

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The good man considers the whole human race as his own family ; and as such a person, in a world like this, is liable to more disappointments than one who has only himself to care for, his troubles and mortifications will assuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue should therefore be cautious of promising what they are not sure will be performed ; lest, by a failure in the end, they bring discredit upon the means. It will be always sufficient to say of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be said of that reward that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal translation from an old Spanish author, supposes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only because his goodness is imperfect. I insert it here (though not exactly applicable to my subject) as the most instructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive any dislike to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all the historians, that the sex was not absolutely without fault.

Jupiter, when he made man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happiness, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furnished man with those passions and affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wishes, with a guide called Reason to restrain their violence ; and to the nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But as if some other power had a malicious design to
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set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the passions of man generally hurried him into a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their nature, it was impossible for them to agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of Felicia, but some particular passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of man, and gave him woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to man, and gave up woman to the government of the latter without controul.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him

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with all the graces of mind and body ; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion ; but as lightness of belief and an overfondness of mankind were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered himself to be led astray from Felicia, till Reflection, the common friend to both, would set him right, and reconduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to increase than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder ; but the true reason was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleness of Bonario made her less easy of access. Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffered himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service, as by shewing him how he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earnest to love Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He inquired for her among the great, but they knew her not. He bribed the poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her ; of Pleasure, but she misled him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken ; Virtue had seen her upon the way ; but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that Bonario again saw his Felicia ; and here he was in hopes of possessing

possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, upon every new offence against Felicia; but too impatient to delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged Felicia, that she again withdrew herself; and in the warmth of her resentment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred till the nature of Bonario should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.



*On Cruelty to Brutes, with an Elegy on a
Black-bird.*

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue,

tue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species ; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced ; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed : but this is a supposition, which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as sensibility : a blow produces more pain to a man, than to a brute ; because to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered ; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be justly asserted, that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil ; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food ; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life ; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table, would never have lived ; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is a great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous ; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered
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the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially, as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility, than to thought; and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell a sleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy; by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn, what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approach'd a horse and an ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me; and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had perished," said the ass, "when I was dis-

“ missed from the earth, I think I should have been a
 “ loser by my existence; for during my whole life,
 “ there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I
 “ did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows,
 “ hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen
 “ by a Gypsie, who placed two children upon my back
 “ in a pair of paniers, before I had perfectly acquired
 “ the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness
 “ and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treatment, I
 “ quickly became blind; and when the family, to
 “ which I belonged, went into their winter quarters in
 “ Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple
 “ of geese, which had been found by a fellow who
 “ came by, driving before him two of my brethren
 “ whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a half-
 “ penny was thrown up; and to the inexpressible
 “ increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the
 “ winner.

“ When I came to town I was harnessed with my
 “ two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new
 “ master had piled up his commodity till it would hold
 “ no more. The load was so disproportionate to our
 “ strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and
 “ labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pave-
 “ ment of the streets, in which every stone was an
 “ almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One
 “ morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow-
 “ hill with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimu-
 “ lated, even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a
 “ whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to
 “ the bone: it happened, that being placed in the
 “ shafts, and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell
 “ down. Our driver regarded my misfortune, not
 “ with pity but rage; and the moment he turned
 “ about he threw a stick with such violence at my
 “ head,

“ head, that it forced out my eye, and passing through
“ the socket into the brain, I was instantly dismissed
“ from that misery, the comparison of which with my
“ present state constitutes great part of its felicity.
“ But you, surely, if I may judge by your stature, and
“ the elegance of your make, was among the favorites
“ of mankind ; you was placed in a higher and a
“ happier station ; you was not the slave of indigence,
“ but the pride of greatness ; your labour was sport,
“ and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty and at-
“ tendance.”

“ It is true,” replied the STEED, “ I was a favorite :
“ but what avails it to be the favorite of caprice,
“ avarice and barbarity ? My tyrant was a wretch
“ who had gained a considerable fortune by play, parti-
“ cularly by racing. I had won him many large sums ;
“ but being at length excepted out of every match, as
“ having no equal, he regarded even my excellence
“ with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to
“ his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty ; and
“ as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though
“ my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in
“ which there was a perpetual succession of new
“ beauties. At last, however, another competitor ap-
“ peared : I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation ;
“ I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest ; and
“ the first heat I put my master in possession of the
“ stakes, which amounted to ten thousand pounds.
“ The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced,
“ notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great
“ zeal, that she should run the next day against any
“ gelding in the world for double the sum : my mas-
“ ter immediately accepted the challenge, and told
“ him, that he would the next day produce a gelding
“ that should beat her : but what was my astonishment
“ and

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“ and indignation, when I discovered that he most
 “ cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for
 “ this match upon the spot ; and to sacrifice my life
 “ at the very moment, in which every nerve should
 “ be strained in his service.

“ As I know it would be in vain to resist, I suffered
 “ myself to be bound : the operation was performed,
 “ and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the
 “ goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still
 “ superior to the desire of revenge : I determined to
 “ die as I had lived, without an equal ; and having
 “ again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an
 “ agony, which soon after put an end to my life.”

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a BLACKBIRD, who was singing the story of his own fate with a melody that irresistably compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt ; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and interrupting his song, “ Stranger,” says he, “ though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of Elysium, yet my happiness is not complete ; my mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, and I am still vulnerable in her. O ! stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if per-adventure it may reach my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of nature are love. But let not my censure be universal ; for as the elegy which I sing, was written by a human being, every human being is not destitute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in which our joys and fears are expressed.” He then, after a sweet
 though

though short prelude, made the grove again echo
with his song.

The sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil ;
The melting streams began to flow,
And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.
'Twas then amidst the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his amorous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove :
" O ! fairest of the feather'd train,
" For whom I sing, for whom I burn ;
" Attend with pity to my strain,
" And grant my love a kind return.
" See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
" And Zephyrs gently fan the air !
" Let us the genial influence own,
" Let us the vernal pastime share.
" The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
" To please his croaking paramour ;
" The Larks responsive love- tales sing,
" And tell their passion as they soar.
" But trust me, love, the Raven's wing
" Is not to be compar'd with mine ;
" Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
" As I, who strength with sweetness join.
" With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
" With thee divide the cares of life ;
" No fonder husband in the grove,
" Nor none than thee a happier wife.
" I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
" Whose streams among the pebbles stray ;
" 'I here will we sit and sip our fill,
" Or on the flow'ry border play.

" I'll

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" I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
 " Impervious to the school-boy's eye :
 " For thee the plaister'd nest I'll make,
 " And on thy downy pinions lie.
 " To get thee food I'll range the fields,
 " And cull the best of ev'ry kind ;
 " Whatever nature's bounty yields,
 " Or love's assiduous care can find.
 " And when my lovely mate would stray
 " To taste the summer's sweets at large,
 " At home I'll wait the live-long day,
 " And tend at home our infant charge.
 " When prompted by a mother's care
 " Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young ;
 " With thee the task I'll fondly share,
 " Or cheer thy labours with my song,"
 He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
 With tender pity heard his strain ;
 She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his pain.
 He led her to the 'nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled closely to her side,
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
 And she the most enamour'd bride.
 Next morn he 'wak'd her with a song—
 " Arise ! behold the new-born day !
 " The Lark his matten peal has rung ;
 " Arise my love and come away !"

Together through the fields they stray'd,
 And to the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride.
 But O ! my muse with pain relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale ;
 Sent by an order of the Fates,

A gunner met them in the vale.
Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
"Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
"Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
"O! spare my love, and let me die."
At him the gunner took his aim:
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he chose some other game.
Or shot as he had us'd to do!
Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse:
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom, awaked me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated "an elegy occasioned by shooting a BLACKBIRD on Valentine's day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the most stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

• *Never having killed any thing before or since.*



Socrates's Allegory of the Origin of Love.

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and among other ob-

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servations, it was remarked, that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations. *Menenius*, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. It is (said he) remarkable, that no passion has been treated by all who have touch'd upon it with the same bent of design but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, all-gories, and pictures, have represented it as soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress, and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner.

The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that

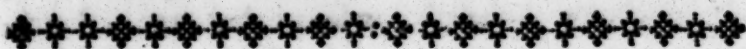
a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister, and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to shew the opinion he himself had of it, ascrib'd by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of love in the following manner.

At the birth of *Beauty* (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited : among the rest, was the god of *Plenty*, who was the son of the goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an unhappy female called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was *Jupiter's* garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the god *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well, that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who

should it be but *Love*. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of *Plenty*, (who was the offspring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems, and devices; as the son of *Poverty*, he is sawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and inforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in *Spencer*.





*The Ladies directed in the Choice of a
Husband.*

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. *Townly*.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that “the best husband is a reformed **RAKE** ;” a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a **RAKE** the ladies are wholly unacquainted. “They have,” indeed, “heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolicks he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered.” But let the **ADVENTURER** be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood.

" To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to
 " associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human
 " beings ; it is to become familiar with blasphemy
 " and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most
 " deplorable misery : to tell pretty stories to credulous
 " girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by
 " cunning and falshood : to be the father of a nameless
 " progeny, is to desert those, whose tears only can im-
 " plore the protection to which of all others they have
 " the strongest and the tenderest claim ; it is more than
 " to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute
 " without instinct. To think no harm in some of these
 " frolics, is to have worn out all sensibility of the dif-
 " ference between right and wrong ; and to have suf-
 " fered for others, is to have a body contaminated with
 " diseases, which in some degree are certainly trans-
 " mitted to posterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of
 this picture, will be sufficient to deter the ladies from
 precluding happiness by marrying the original ; and from
 discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the
 character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which
 tho' not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce
 great infelicity.

When the Rake is excluded, it will be generally sup-
 posed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always
 to determine the choice. " A man of fine sense," is,
 indeed, a character of great dignity ; and the ladies
 have always been advised to prefer this to every other,
 as it includes a capacity to bestow " that refined, exalt-
 " ed, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of
 " a rational being." But I think it probable, that this
 advice, however specious, has been often given for no
 other reason than because to give it flattered the vanity

of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason ; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned ; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet I think there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, Good Nature.

I know that Good Nature has, like *Socrates*, been ridiculed in the habit of Folly ; and that Folly has been dignified by the name of Good Nature. But by Good Nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true Good Nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the fullness of malice ; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge ; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others ; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

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I shall, perhaps, be told, that "a man of sense
" can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this
proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various
signification : whether a man of sense can " use a wo-
" man ill," I will not enquire, but I shall endeavour
to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration and great delicacy of
sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently
offended than others ; so as a punishment for the offence,
they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can
wound with more poignant reproach : and by him whom
Good Nature does not restrain from retaliating the
pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or
not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion,
and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent ; but
this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late ; the
dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault,
will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sun-
shine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and
anxiety : the offence will notwithstanding be again re-
peated ; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse,
will again return ; because error is involuntary, and
anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted,
and whether it was deserved becomes the subject of de-
bate, the consequences are yet more dreadful : after a
vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more
be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will
be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and
the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these
circumstances, what will become of " the refined, the
" exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is
" worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevat-
s' genius only can bestow ?"

That this conduct is by a man of sense known to
be

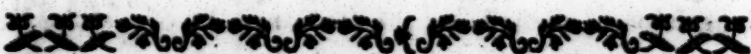
be wrong, I am content to allow : but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right ; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not kind ; without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated. "The quality most essential to conjugal felicity, is Good Nature." And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce,

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed : but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise the lover. Good Nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment ; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned ; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and when he approaches him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another ; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress ? Does he mention the
absent

absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency ? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, Good Nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give : reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence ; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason ; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is Good Nature, will on a less kindly stock be improved into Virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent : the sacred rule, “ Do that to others which ye would “ that others should do to you,” extends to every deed ; and “ every word shall be brought into judgment.”



GRIEF and PATIENCE.

'Tis hard, but when our needs must hear,

Enduring patience makes the burthen light, CRESC.

HOW we are tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us.

us ! what excursions does the soul make in imagination after it ! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment ! our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed ; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us ; or the power and splendor of our departed honours ; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire, which becomes more present, did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the River of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for
Patience,

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Patience, and some of those too, who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked, but the boat was pushed off, the sail was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank through several difficulties, of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining themselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard
and

and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in ; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of the air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had colour between red and black. These crept slow, and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmur with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful being herself ; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns ; and the throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her, her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm : thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection, just dropping into a swoon, and paleness wasting to a skeleton ; on the other side were Care, inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were
given

given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence ; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we wound round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath, and lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others ; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it ; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

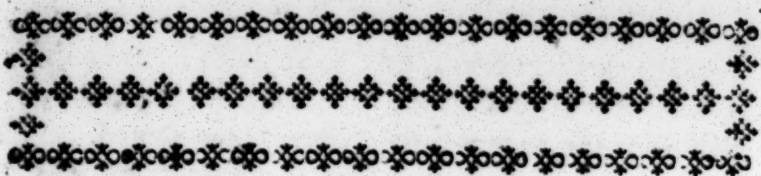
A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived ; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter greyness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country, gleams of amusement. Within

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a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at that time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters, that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our troubles by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.



THE SEASONS.

*The cold grows soft with western gales,
 The Summer over Spring prevails,
 But yields to Autumn's fruitful rain,
 As this to Winter storms and bails;
 Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.*

Sir W. TEMPLE.

SIR,

“ **T**HERE is hardly any thing gives a more sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool
 “ still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day.
 “ Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me
 “ rejoice, when the hour was come for the sun to set,
 “ that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in
 “ my garden, which then affords me the pleasanter
 “ hours I pass in the whole four-and-twenty. I immediately
 “ arose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps
 “ into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in
 “ each of which is a statue of white marble. This is
 “ separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and
 “ from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are
 “ led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on
 “ each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered
 “ by a canal, which on the right divides the walk
 “ from a wilderness parted into variety of allies and
 “ arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre
 “ tre

“ tre, which is the receptacle of a great number of
“ oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and
“ seemed then the most agreeably to supply the place
“ of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was
“ necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects,
“ and at the same time divested of all power of heat.
“ The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the
“ wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush
“ and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all
“ conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing
“ thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity
“ of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that
“ of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell
“ into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of
“ Milton’s, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas
“ of which were exquisitely suited to my present
“ wanderings of thought.”

Sweet bird ! that shun’st the noise of folly,
Most musical ! most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song :
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro’ the heaven’s wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow’d,
Stopping thro’ a fleecy cloud.

Then let some strange mysterious dream
Wave with his wings in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display’d,
Softly on my eyelids laid :

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And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by spirits to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

“ I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitude of night
“ and day, on the charming disposition of the Seasons,
“ and their return again in a perpetual circle ; and
“ oh ! said I, that I could from these my declining
“ years return again to my first spring of youth and
“ vigour ; but that, alas ! is impossible : all that re-
“ mains within my power, is to soften the inconve-
“ niencies I feel, with an easy, contented mind, and
“ the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords
“ me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of
“ flowers and dropt into a slumber, which, whether it
“ were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present
“ thoughts, I know not ; but methought the Genius
“ of the garden stood before me, and introduced to me
“ into the wa'k where I laid this drama and different
“ scenes of the revolution of the year, which whilst I
“ then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write
“ down, and send to the Spectator.

“ The first person whom I saw advancing towards
“ me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape,
“ though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact pro-
“ portion and symmetry of parts which a little more
“ time would have given him ; but however, there
“ was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfac-
“ tion, and joy, that I thought it the most desirable
“ form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a
“ flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flow-
“ ers : he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a
“ narcissus in his hand ; primroses and violets sprang
“ up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his
“ approach.

“ approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus
“ on the other in a robe of changeable silk. After
“ this I was surprized to see the moon-beams reflected
“ with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man
“ completely armed advancing with his sword drawn.
“ I was soon informed by the Genius it was Mars, who
“ had long usurped a place among the attendants of
“ the Spring: He made way for a softer appearance;
“ it was Venus, without any ornament but her own
“ beauties, not so much as her own cestus, with which
“ she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her
“ right-hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold.
“ After her followed the Graces, with their arms en-
“ twined within one another; their girdles were loos-
“ ed, and they moved to the sound of soft music,
“ striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then
“ came up the three Months which belong to this
“ Season. As March advanced towards me, there
“ was methought in his look a louring roughness,
“ which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so
“ soft a season; but as he came forwards his features
“ became insensibly more mild and gentle: he smooth-
“ ed his brow, and looked with so sweet a counte-
“ nance, that I could not but lament his departure,
“ though he made way for April. He appeared in
“ the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand
“ Pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently
“ clouded, but immediately returned to its first com-
“ posure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came
“ May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and
“ in a posture to let fly an arrow: as he passed by
“ methought I heard a confused noise of soft com-
“ plaints, gentle extasies, and tender sighs of lovers;
“ vows of constancy, and as many complainings of
“ perfidiousness; all which the winds wasted away as

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“ soon as they had reached my hearing. After these
 “ I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour
 “ of his age : his complexion was sanguine and ruddy,
 “ his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets
 “ beneath his shoulders ; a mantle of hair-coloured
 “ silk hung loosely upon him : he advanced with a
 “ hasty step after Spring, and sought out the shade
 “ and cool fountains which played in the garden. He
 “ was particularly well pleased when a troop of
 “ Zephyrs fanned him with their wings : he had two
 “ companions who walked on each side, that made him
 “ appear the most agreeable : the one was Aurora
 “ with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in
 “ grey : the other was Vesper in a robe of azure beset
 “ with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it
 “ passed over a bunch of honey-suckles and tube-roses
 “ which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres follow-
 “ ed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to
 “ the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came
 “ the attendant Months. June retained still some
 “ small likeness of the Spring ; but the other two
 “ seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially
 “ August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half
 “ the steps he took the Dog-star levelled his rays full
 “ at his head : they passed on and made way for a
 “ person that seemed to bend a little under the weight
 “ of years ; his beard and hair, which were full grown,
 “ were composed of an equal number of black and
 “ grey ; he wore a robe, which he had girt about
 “ him, of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of
 “ fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he
 “ hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing
 “ scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore
 “ in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with an
 “ healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from an
 “ horn

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“ horn all the various products of the year. Pomona,
“ followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with
“ Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied
“ by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. Sep-
“ tember, who came next seemed in his looks to pro-
“ mise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those
“ months. The succeeding month was all sullied with
“ the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the
“ wine-press. November, though he was in his divi-
“ sion, yet by the many stops he made seemed rather
“ inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his
“ heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in
“ the extremity of age: the hair he had was so very
“ white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and
“ piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity
“ of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so
“ pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all
“ contracted and his body bent to the ground, so that
“ he could not have supported himself, had it not
“ been for Comus the god of Revels, and Necessity
“ the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side.
“ The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the
“ things which most surprized me; as he advanced
“ towards me, his countenance seemed the most desir-
“ able I had ever seen: on the fore-part of his mantle
“ was pictured Joy, Delight, and Satisfaction, with a
“ thousand emblems of merriment, and Jests with faces
“ looking two ways at once; but as he passed from
“ me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent
“ to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of
“ his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the
“ hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder
“ with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody,
“ Anger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting
“ with both eyes; but above all, the most conspicuous

“ was

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“ was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I
 “ detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes
 “ upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him
 “ with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the
 “ other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta the
 “ goddess of Fire, with a lamp which was perpetually
 “ supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She
 “ cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed
 “ her so far as almost to make her assume the features
 “ and likeness of Choice. December, January, and
 “ February passed on after the rest all in furs; there
 “ was little distinction to be made among them, and
 “ they were more or less displeasing as they discovered
 “ more or less haste towards the grateful return of
 “ Spring.”



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

*The toils of love require a warrior's art,
 And every lover plays a soldier's part.*

R. WYNNE.

I WAS this morning reading the tenth canto in the
 fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudamore
 relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret, under
 a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most
 natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent au-
 thor. I shall transpose it to use Mr. Bay's turn, for
 the benefit of many English lovers, who have, by fre-
 quent letters, desired me to lay down some rules for
 the conduct of their virtuous amours; and shall only
 premise, that by the shield of love is meant a generous,
 constant passion for the person beloved. When

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When the fame says he, of this celebrated beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit of her to the Temple of Love. This temple continued he, bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most beautiful island, walled by nature against all invaders. There was a single bridge that led into the island, and before it a castle garrisoned by twenty knights. Near the castle was an open plain, and in the midst of it a pillar, on which was hung the shield of Love; and underneath it, in letters of gold, was this Inscription:

Happy the man who well can use his bliss;
Whose-ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

My heart panted upon reading the inscription: I struck upon the shield with my spear. Immediately issued forth a knight well mounted, and completely armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I received him as well as I could, and by good fortune threw him out of his saddle. I encountered the whole twenty successively, and, leaving them all extended on the plain, carried off the shield in token of victory. Having thus vanquished my rivals, I passed on without impediment, untill I came to the utmost gate of the bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called; but could get no answer. At last I saw one on the other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This was the porter; he had a double face resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden danger; his name, as I afterwards learnt, was Doubt. Over against him sat Delay, who entertained passengers with some idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the porter saw my shield he opened the gate; but,
upon

upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and would fain have had me listen to her fooleries. However, I shook her off, and passed forward, untill that I came to the second gate. "The Gate of Good Dēsert," which almost stood wide open, but in the porch was an hideous giant that stopped the entrance; his name was Danger. Many warriors of good reputation nor able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again; cowards fled at the sight of him; except some few, who, watching their opportunity, slipped by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

I now entered the Island of Love, which appeared in all the beauties of art and nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects, amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats, and flowery banks, sunny hills, and gloomy vallies, where thousands of lovers were sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

I could not forbear envying this happy people, who were already in possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the temple, the structure was beautiful beyond imagination. The gate stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable woman, whose name was Concord.

On either side of her stood two young men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned, they were both her sons, but begotten of her by two different fathers; their names Love and Hatred.

The lady so well tempered and reconciled them both,

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both, that she forced them to join hands ; though I could not but observe that Hatred turned away his face, as not able to endure the sight of his younger brother.

I at length entered the inmost temple, the roof of which was raised with an hundred marble pillars, decked with crowns, chains, and garlands. The ground was strewn with flowers. An hundred altars, at each of which stood a virgin-priestess clothed in white, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of lovers, who were perpetually sending their vows to heaven in clouds of incense.

In the midst stood the goddess herself upon an altar, whose substance was neither gold nor stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her neck flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys, and Graces ; and all about her altar lay scattered heaps of lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, or treachery of their mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his griefs, broke out into the following prayer :

“ Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods
“ and men, who with a smile becalmest the seas,
“ and renewest all nature ; goddess, whom all the
“ different species in the universe obey with joy and
“ pleasure, grant I may at last obtain the object of
“ my vows.”

The impatient lover pronounced this with great vehemence ; but I, in a soft murmur besought the goddess to lend me her assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my eyes on a company of ladies, who were assembled together in a corner of the temple, waiting for the anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder, and of a more composed countenance than the rest, who all appeared

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appeared to be under her direction. Her name was Woman-hood. On one side of her sat Shamefacedness, with blushes rising on her cheeks, and her eyes fixed on the ground : on the other was Chearfulness, with a smiling look, that infused a secret pleasure into the hearts of all that saw her. With these sat Modesty, holding her hand on her heart : Courtesy, with a grateful aspect, and obliging behaviour, and the two sisters, who were always linked together, and resembled each other, Silence and Obedience.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid,
 Ev'n in the lap of Woman-hood there sat,
 The which was all in lilly white array'd ;
 Where silver streams among the linnen stray'd.
 Like to the morn, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself betray'd ;
 That same was fairest Amoret in place,
 Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's
 grace.

As soon as I beheld the charming Amoret, my heart throbb'd with hopes. I stepp'd to her and seized her hand ; when Woman-hood immediately rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so rude a manner to lay hold on a virgin. I excus'd myself as modestly as I could, and at the same time displayed my shield ; upon which, as soon as she beheld the god emblazoned with his bow and shafts, she was struck mute, and instantly retired.

I still held fast fair Amoret ; and turning my eyes towards the goddess of the place, saw that she favoured my pretensions with a smile, which so emboldened me, that I carried off the prize.

The

The maid, sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, intreated me to let her go : but I led her through the temple-gate, where the goddess Concord, who had favoured my entrance, befriended my retreat.

This allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper places. The posts assigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger are admirable. The gate of Good Desert has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful group of figures in the corner of the temple. Among these, Woman-hood is drawn like what the philosophers call an universal nature, and is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the female sex, considered in its natural perfection and innocence.



THE DESTINIES.

*Intrust thy fortune to the powers above ;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.*

AS I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes ; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my after-

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noon's

noon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left.

The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy, of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures, and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations he received from the other parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous race of mortals.

The three Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scatter-

ed on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age: wealth was often united to such sordid avarice as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the three Sisters, as either of the

foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns, that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, and equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak and irresolute minds.

The destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into a large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest sister presented herself before the vessel, and introduced it with an apology for what they had done:

“ O Jupiter, says she, we have gathered together
 “ all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of
 “ human life, which we thus present before thee in
 “ one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou
 “ thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy
 “ wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge,
 “ that there is none besides thee that can judge what
 “ will occasion grief or joy in the heart of the human
 “ creature, and what will prove a blessing or calamity
 “ to the person on whom it is bestowed.”



On TEMPERANCE.

'Tis to thy rules, O temperance ! that we owe
All pleasures which, from health or strength, can flow
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd.

CHANDLER.

THERE is a story in the *Arabian Night Tales*, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedie, to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method : he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs ; after which he closed it so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these *rightly prepared* instruments, till such time as he should sweat. When, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces

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the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither fatiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, and bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the

street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would the philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suited to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a
second,

second, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocations to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *the first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution, will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify it for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put it upon such difficulties; and at the same time give it an opportunity, of extricating itself from its oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of its distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during the great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands, I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the
philos-

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philosophers, and comparing it with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher, and the life of a man, were of two different dates : For we find the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths.

The benefits arising from a temperate course of life are set in a still more striking light in the following allegory of the

The INFALLIBLE ELIXIR.

ESCULAPIUS, after his deification or admittance among the Gods, having revisited his native country, and being one day (as curiosity led him a rambling) in danger of being benighted, made the best of his way to a house he saw at some distance, where he was hospitably received by the master of it. *Cremes*, for that was the master's name, though but a young man, was infirm and sickly.—Of several dishes served up to supper, *Cremes* observed that his guest eat but of one, and that the most simple ; nor could all his intreaties prevail on him to do otherwise. He was, notwithstanding, highly delighted with *Esculapius's* conversation, in which he observed a cheerfulness and knowledge superior to any thing he had hitherto met with. The next morning, *Esculapius* took his leave, but not till he had engaged his good-natured host to pay him a visit at a small villa, a few miles from thence, where he informed him was his dwelling. *Cremes* came accordingly, and was most kindly

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kindly received ; but how great was his amazement, when supper, was served up to see nought but milk, honey, and a few roots dressed in the plainest but neatest manner, to which hunger, chearfulness, and good sense, were the only sauces. *Esculapius* seemed to eat with pleasure, while *Cremes* scarce tasted of them. On which a repast was ordered, more suitable to our guest's taste. Immediately, there succeeded a banquet composed of the most artful dishes that luxury could invent, with great plenty and variety of the richest and most intoxicating wines. These too were accompanied by damsels of bewitching beauty. It was now *Cremes* gave a loose to his appetites, and every thing he tasted raised extasies beyond what he had ever known. During the repast, the damsels sang and danced to entertain them; their charms enchanted the enraptured guest, already flustered with what he had drunk; his senses were lost in extatic confusion. Every thing round him seemed elysium, and he was on the point of indulging the most boundless freedoms, when on a sudden, their beauty which was but a vizard, fell off and discovered forms the most hideous and forbidding imaginable.—lust, revenge, folly, murder, meagre poverty and despair, now appeared in the most odious shapes, and the place instantly became the most dire scene of misery and confusion. How oft did *Cremes* wish himself far distant from such diabolical company, and now dreaded the fatal consequence which threatened him. His blood ran chill at his heart; his knees smote each other with fear, and joy and rapture were perverted to amazement and horror. When *Esculapius* perceived it had made sufficient impression on his guest, he thus addressed him. Know, *Cremes*, it is *Esculapius* who has thus entertained you, and what you have here beheld, is a true image of the deceitful-

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ness and misery inseparable from luxury and intemperance. Would you be happy, be temperate: temperance is the parent of health, virtue, wisdom, plenty, and every thing that can make you happy, in this or the world to come. It is indeed the *true* luxury, of life, for without it, life cannot be enjoyed. This said, he disappeared and left *Cremes* (instead of an elegant apartment) in an open plain, full of ideas quite different from those he had brought with him. On his return home, from the most luxurious, he became one of the most temperate men, by which wise method, he soon regained health. frugality produced riches, and from an infirm and crazy constitution, and almost ruined estate, by virtue of this *Infallible Elixir*, he became one of the happiest men breathing, and lived to a healthy old age, revered as an oracle for his wisdom throughout all *Greece*.



The History of SANTON BARSISA; shewing the fatal Effects of encouraging bad Thoughts.

*Short is the course of every lawless pleasure,
Grief like a shade on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height :
But downward as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.* MILTON.

THERE was formerly a *Santon*, whose name was *Barsisa*, who for the space of an hundred years very frequently applied himself to prayer; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence

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dence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night ; all the inhabitants of the country had such a veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favours to beg of heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a very dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess ; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter, wherefore one day finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the princess ought to be sent to the *Santon Barfsa*.

All the *Beys* applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the *Santon* ; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure ; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus ; “ O *Santon* ! do not let slip such a fortunate minute : tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her ; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow. ”

How weak is man ! The *Santon* followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in *Barfsa*, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter

ter with him. *I consent*, said he, *that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head.*

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the *Santon*, saying, "Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world are too much prepossessed in thy favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom, which you have acquired." The unfortunate *Barfisa* was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: "Oh wretch says he, it is thou who hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end. Oh *Santon*! answered the devil, do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent: but what is unhappy for thee is that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public: thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barfisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, "what shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?" "to hinder the knowledge of your crime, you

ought to commit a fresh one, answered the devil. Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning : they will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country ; and the king her father will be in great pain for her ; but after several vain searches, it will wear off."

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice, killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil had him say. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their searches for the princess were in vain ; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the *Santon*, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized *Barfisa*, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them ; whereupon they took up the corps, and carried that and the *Santon* to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke into tears and bitter lamentations ; and assembling the doctors, he laid the *Santon's* crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged : accordingly a gibbet was erected ; the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words : " O *Santon* ! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence, into a country where you shall be revered by men, as much as you were before this adventure." " I am content, says *Barfisa* ;
deliver

deliver me, and I will worship thee." Give me first a sign of adoration," replied the devil; whereupon the *Santon* bowed his head, and said, "I give myself to you." Then the devil raising his voice, said, "O *Barfsa*, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired:" And with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded *Santon* was hanged.

From this may be inferred, that evil thoughts will sometimes start up even in the best of minds, which when checked as soon as noticed, can never be deemed criminal, but ought to be carefully stifled in *Embrio*, as the first incitements to sin; for vice naturally begets vice, and the least digression from virtue is frequently succeeded by such a train of evils, as leads on imperceptibly to certain ruin.



ON INCITEMENT to Enterprize and Emulation—*Story of the admirable CRICHTON.*

*He who despairing in dull langour lies,
To glorious deeds will never, never rise;
Like a dull weed he vegetates and dies.*

R. }

I Have sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: It is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly; but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

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The Prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers ; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves ; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive ; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour ; but who is hurt by the mistake ? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken ; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances : if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him ; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage ; it is the frost of the soul which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in
perpet-

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perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their professor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of *Boyle* or *Bacon*, as *Themistocles* was kept awake by the trophies of *Miltiades*.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contraries of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the admirable *Crichton*; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall upon incontestible authority relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

Virtue, says *Virgil*, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form: the person of *Crichton* was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such

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activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him,

Having studied at *St. Andrews* in *Scotland*, he went to *Paris* in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of *Navarre* a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years, passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From *Paris* he went to *Rome*, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at *Venice* an acquaintance with *Aldius Manutius*, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then visited *Padua*, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of *Aristotle* and all his commentators, either in the common forms

forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose, of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at *Paris* exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of *France*, where at a public match of tilting he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at *Paris*, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the *Sorbonne*, directing those who would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an *Italian* comedy composed by himself and exhibited before the court of *Mantua*, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter in *Mantua*, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated
masters

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masters in many parts of Europe; and in *Mantua* where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when *Crichton*, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke with some reluctance consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapons seem to have been the single rapier, which was then newly introduced in *Italy*. The prize-fighter advanced with such great violence and fierceness, that *Crichton* contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. *Crichton* then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won, among the wido *vs.* whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal; did I not know that every reader will enquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature, or fortune.

The duke of *Mantua* having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son *Vincenzio di Gonzaga*, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many, different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of *Carnival* rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men mask'd. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them,
and

and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. *Crickton*, falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated as some say by jealousy, according to others only by a drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the Heart.

Thus was the admirable *Crickton* brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: The court of *Mantua* testified their esteem by a public mourning, the cotemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of *Italy* were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.



On CALUMNY.

Good name in man and woman, ———

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who

are

are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives, But whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, tho' the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

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In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently, the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of *Thales*, falsehood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated *Abbey de la Trappe*, as they are published in a little *French* book.

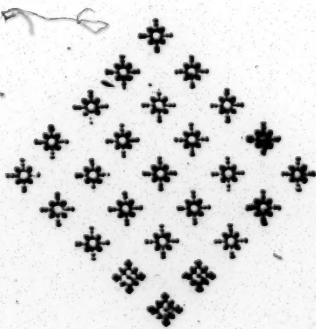
The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base and criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much
of

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more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports, as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.





The COUNTRYMAN *and* JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I ?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown ;
Have I been over prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with shame ?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit ?

'Tis not so strange, that fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too ?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base ?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind ?
If these are scruples, give her o'er ;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.

The gifts of fortune truly rate ;
Then tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt,
As grows the miser's hoarded store,

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His fears, his wants increase the more.

Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment ?
What can she give beyond content ?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear ;
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others find)
With change of fortune change of mind ?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool ;
Your luxury might break all bounds :
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts : then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignify'd with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour ?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king :
Then, from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart ?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view ?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides ;
Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere ;
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A peasant rested on his spade.

Good

Good gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious labour bids me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring swain.

Speak out your wants then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend.

If you repine at partial fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.

What wish you? tell me what you'd be.

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown survey'd the anxious croud.

Yon face of care, says *Jove* behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.

Were I that man, (the peasant cry'd)
What blessing could I ask beside?

Hold, says the God; first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.

This optic glass of intuition——

Here, take it, view his true condition.

He look'd, and saw the miser's breast,

A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;

Want ever stares him in the face,

And fear anticipates disgrace:

With conscious guilt he saw him start;

Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;

And never, or in thought or dream,

His breast admits one happy gleam.

May *Jove*, he cries, reject my pray'r,

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And guard my life from guilt and care.

My soul abhors that wretch's fate.

O keep me in my humble state !

But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,

Yon minister so gay and proud ;

On him what happiness attends,

Who thus rewards his grateful friends !

First take the glass, the God replies ;

Man views the world with partial eyes.

Good gods ! exclaims the startled wight,

Defend me from this hideous sight !

Corruption, with corrosive smart,

Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart :

I see him, with polluted hand,

Spread the contagion o'er the land.

Now av'rice with insatiate jaws,

Now rapine with her harpy claws,

His bosom tears. His conscious breast

Groans with a load of crimes oppress.

See him, mad and drunk with power

Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.

Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,

His boasts insult the nether crowd ;

Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,

He trembles lest his fall is near.

Was ever wretch like this, he cries !

Such misery in such disguise !

The change, O *Jove*, I disavow ;

Still be my lot the spade and plough.

He next, confirm'd by speculation,

Rejects the lawyer's occupation ;

For he the statesman seem'd in part,

And bore similitude of heart.

Nor did the soldier's trade inflame

His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame :

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The miseries of war he mourn'd ;
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd ;
By these was free-born man enslav'd :
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace ?
Such change (says he) may I decline ;
'The scythe and civil arms be mine !

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God : How mortals err !
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit ;
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

So *Jove*, to gratify the clown,
Where first he found him set him down.



The PACK-HORSE *and the* CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth :
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject ;
With that by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.

A a 3

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Be virtue then your first pursuit ;
 Set your great ancestors in view,
 Like them deserve the title too ;
 Like them ignoble actions scorn :
 Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
 Their conscience always was their own ;
 They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
 Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd ;
 Their hands by no corruption stain'd
 The ministerial bribe disdain'd ;
 They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
 Yet, jealous of the public weal,
 They stood the bulwark of our laws,
 And wore at heart their country's cause ;
 By neither place or pension bought,
 They spoke and voted as they thought.
 Thus did your fires adorn their seat ;
 And such alone are truly great.
 If you the paths of learning slight,
 You're but a dunce in stronger light :
 In foremost rank, the coward plac'd,
 Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due ;
 In that you have precedence too.
 Whence had you this illustrious name ?
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth the name alone descends ;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride.
 Learning by study must be won ;
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from sire to son.

Superior

Superior worth your rank requires ;
For that mankind reveres your fires :
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier ev'ry night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn.
This funk the hostler's vails, 'tis true ;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure ;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure :
When all at once confusion rung ;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye balls swell'd with pride.

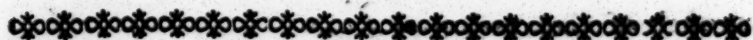
Good gods ! (says he) how hard's my lot !
Is then my high descent forgot ?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Must I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks ?
See, scurvy *Roan*, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head !
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine ?
Kick'd by old *Baal* ! so mean a foe !
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,
All jockeys still revere his name :
There yearly all his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him in a liv'ry train ;

Return

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Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due; for I have blood.

Vain glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot!
Your fires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward shew let's not be cheated:
An ass should like an ass be treated.



An ELEGY written in a Country Church Yard.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his wearied way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,

And

And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping Owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms that Yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from her strawbuilt shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the env'y'd kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to those the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village *Hampden*, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding croud's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,

They

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drop the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his way-ward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;

Another

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Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

The E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear ;
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The



The Story of PALEMON and LAVINIA.

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends ;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress : for-loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

B b

Thought-

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Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia* ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon*'s fields. The pride of swain
Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye :
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 “ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,

“ Of

- “ Of old *Acasto*'s line; and to my mind
“ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
“ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
“ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
“ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
“ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
“ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
“ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
“ His aged widow and his daughter live;
“ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
“ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful *Acasto* ; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

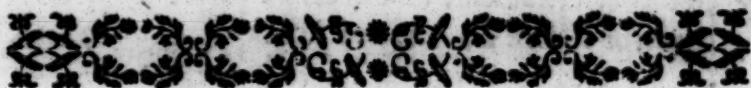
- “ And art thou then *Acasto*'s dear remains ?
“ She whom my restless gratitude has sought,
“ So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,
“ The softened image of my noble friend,
“ Alive, his every feature, every look,
“ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring !
“ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
“ That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
“ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
“ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so far ;
“ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

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" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years ?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy !
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " *Acasto's* daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
 Nor less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

ADVICE



ADVICE to a LADY.

THE counsels of a friend, *Belinda*, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show,
What female vanity might fear to know :
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
Women, like princes, find few real friends :
All who approach them their own ends pursue :
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays :
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition ? To be fair :
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n ?
How few with all their pride of form can move ?
How few are lovely, that were made for love ?
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress ;

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Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain ;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonestly a proof of parts ;
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
A CUNNING WOMAN is a KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without, all beauty, and all peace within :
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form :
Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign :
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love ;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd :
With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n ;
Here sweet extreams alone can truly bless
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame,
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain ;
Short is the period of insulting pow'r ;
Offended Cupid finds his-vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain wou'd hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence shou'd be ty'd
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief ;
While both cou'd easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;

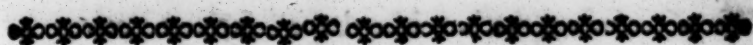
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Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n,
Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The prize of happiness must still be won ;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost :
The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure* ;
They and the *virtues* meeting must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus, I, *Belinda*, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love :
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.



T O - M O R R O W.

TO-morrow, didst thou say !
Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow !
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of ideots.—Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow !
It is a period no where to be found,
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments ;
For be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales ;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers' of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Because, tho' station'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'st on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For ev'ry fugitive : and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit !

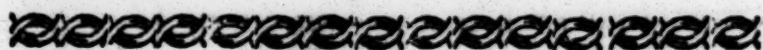
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.

'Tis

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'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasure of life's fountain.

Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he blefs thee.



The CAVE of POPE ; a *Prophecy*.

WHEN dark oblivion in her sable cloak
Shall warp the names of heroes and of kings ;
And their high deeds submitting to the stroke

Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things ;
Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)

On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grott to see,
Thy sacred grott shall with thy name survive.

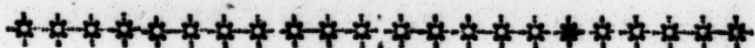
Grateful posterity, from age to age,

With pious hand the ruin shall repair :
Some good old man, to each enquiring sage
Pointing the place, shall cry, " the bard liv'd there
" Whose song was music to the list'ning ear,
" Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame :
" Easy his manners, but his life severe ;
" His word alone gave infamy or fame.
" Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
" Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found ;
" 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or fate and writ,
" Here with his friends the social glass went round."

With awful veneration shall they trace

The steps which thou so long before hast trod ;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.
Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,

To please their friends on ev'ry distant shore,
Boasting a relick from the cave of Pope.



LUXURY *and* WANT. *A* VISION.

AS late I mus'd on fortune's ebb and flow,
Life's airy pleasures, and substantial woe,
The thoughtless mirth that laughs in pleasure's eye,
The boast of vice, and pride of vanity,
O'er nodding reason downy slumbers stole,
And fancy's visions open'd on my soul.
Aloft, on proud *Ionic* columns rear'd.
A sumptuous dome in ruin'd pomp appear'd ;
A baseless pillar here, with moss o'ergrown,
Press'd earth's green bosom with a length of stone ;
There, a tall portal, sculptur'd once so gay,
Records no story but its own decay.

I enter'd—Crouds, who blush to be descry'd,
With famish'd looks, thro' mould'ring arches glide ;
I paus'd, and curious as I gaz'd around,
Saw a lean hag lye stretch'd along the ground :
Round either arm a tatter'd rug she drew,
Her shame conceal'd with rags of various hue ;
A cloth her forehead bound, her legs were bare,
And foul and clotted was her grizzl'd hair. [cry'd

“ Whence and what art thou, wretch,” surpriz'd,
Want is my name, well known, the wretch reply'd,
The work of luxury, this lofty dome,
So righteous *Jove* ordains, is now my home.
Time was, this roof return'd the dulcet voice
Of music, blended with a critic's choice.
Dependent thence a thousand tapers glow'd,
The vine's rich juice from silver fountains flow'd ;
An hundred dainties o'er the board were spread,

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And all *Arabia's* spicy fragrance shed.
The velvet couches, and the cushion'd chair,
Swell'd high with down, as soft as summer's air ;
And female beauty, smiling o'er the scene,
Spread joy around, of every joy the queen !

“ Then at these doors by hunger and by grief
Oppress'd, with suppliant voice I sought relief :
Relief I sought, alas ! but sought in vain,
With poignant taunt rebuk'd, and sour disdain.
The batt'ning priest, with supercilious face,
Infer'd with indigence the want of grace.
The lawyer, in quaint terms, with look demure
Gave hints of statutes against vagrant poor.
Unmov'd and cool the garter'd statesman cry'd,
For *me* fit refuge colonies supply'd.
I sigh'd in secret, and to heav'n my heart
Ascending, heav'n in pity took my part.
Loud thunders roll'd—the fabric from its base
Shook, and proud luxury vanish'd from the place.
Th' astonish'd croud their patron's fall deplore,
And pale and trembling issue from the door.
I enter'd, prompted by a voice divine,
Which thrice repeated,” “ Want ! this pile is thine :
For know, by *Jove* and fate it stands decreed,
Where lux'ry riots thou shalt still succeed.
Here unmolested from that hour I reign,
And all the court of lux'ry forms my train ;
Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n,
By keen necessity, the scourge of heav'n :
These are the wretches which around me throng ;
To me the lawyer, statesman, priest belong.”

She ceas'd ; her words such strong emotions bred,
They wak'd me trembling, and the vision fled.
Save me from luxury, gracious heav'n, I pray'd,
That want's drear haunts my steps may ne'er invade.

TO

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
Together mixt ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone,
Tell where I lie.

F I N I S.

